PHILOSOPHIC ELOCUTION

VOICE CULTURE

BY

JAMES J. VANCE, LL. D.

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PHILOSOPHIC ELOCUTION:

VOICE CULTURE.

A TREATISE ON THE STRUCTURE, DEVELOPMENT AND THOROUGH

CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE

FOR ORATORY, READING, ETC.

CURE OF STUTTERING, STAMMERING, LISPING, CLERGYMAN'S SORE THROAT, ETC.

WITH APPROPRIATE EXERCISES, PRAXIS AND SELECTIONS.

BY JAMES J. VANCE, LL. D.

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"FIUNT ORATORES."

„Allein der Vortrag macht des Redners Glück."

BALTIMORE:
PRESS OF THE SUN PRINTING OFFICE.
1882.

Entered According to Act of Congress in the Year 1882,
BY JAMES J. VANCE, LL. D.
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PREFACE.

TO THE READER:

The principal purpose in the publication of this treatise in separate form is to supply to the author and his pupils, students and others in large classes, an approved manual or text-book on

VOICE CULTURE,

and to this, as the grand essential of Elocution, it is confined.

A *practical*, comprehensive and instructive treatment of the subject of VOICE, its STRUCTURE, DEVELOPMENT and EASY MANAGEMENT is, in my estimation, still wanting among books on this science, and while approving much that has been written on this and other features of Elocution by Messieurs Rush, Russel, Murdoch, Vandenhoff, Raymond, McIlvaine, Lewis, Mrs. Taverner Graham, and very few others, there is much elsewhere to which I would not assent—much that were better unwritten.

To voice culture, this special and most desirable study of the orator or reader, it appears to me too little attention is given. Not that I wish to make a *hobby* of this, for, to the scholarly instructor, the other and more intellectual parts are much the more pleasing work, but that I would *denounce the neg'ect* of this for the more empiric process of "piece reading," and what some teachers call "principles."

Philosophy and *true* principles of the science are of course invaluable when properly taught, as they *sometimes* are. Yet they often become comparatively valueless because of the mis-

management of voice, or as frequently from absolute failure of voice quality and force to execute the thought which claims interpretation, even when the judgment is most cultivated.

Instead of affectedly seeking originality, which, under treatment of many, serves only to confuse and obscure, I have conformed, as nearly as I can approve, to desirable and best understood construction and arrangement of the matter discussed; and herein, as otherwise, I acknowledge indebtedness to other writers.

For a few extracts, corrected, adapted and employed, I have especially drawn upon the old and too-much neglected work of Dr. Bronson, which, with allowance made for structural peculiarity, etc., is certainly a wonderful epitome of Elocution and kindred art. In short, the "Burton's Anatomy" of that subject.

I find that the want of proper voice culture, voice management, voice action and true pronunciation—not mental obtuseness or perverted judgment—is the underlying fault of readers, and the petty habit of rushing them into recitations is the prevailing trouble.

I am almost ashamed *to be obliged* to insert many of the exercises under articulation and other subjects, while pleased to admit that our various series of school-books are superior, in that respect, to those of any other national system. My apology *must* be that they are so carelessly treated in our schools—in truth, their best parts most frequently passed over—that as children we get no good of such, and in our riper years we do not return to school-books for instruction. Also, as will be seen, the Exercises are not directed to articulation only, but contain italicized corrections of large numbers of words improperly pronounced amongst educated classes; and in addition to these features, the Exercises are con-

structed of sounds, syllables and words necessary and peculiarly adapted, beyond others, to the *development*, *up-building* and *establishment of voice*, under its severally employed forms and demands.

The student may rely upon the physiological portions as no loose opinions, but the pith and substance of volumes; the reasoning of most skilled and noted specialists, who have philosophized and written on the subject of vocal mechanism, amongst them Gordon Holmes, Mackenzie, Draper, Paget and Carpenter.

The knowledge thus acquired may be said to be supplemented by a judgment, which experience in practical results has led to the selection, of what seemed best and most warranted practice to effect the end in view.

I may now refer to my treatise on "Philosophic Elocution and Gesture," partly published and in course of publication, where all that pertains to the more properly intellectual and philosophic portion of oratory and reading may be pursued, and where the voice, here prepared, will be found treated as the exponent of the mind, the symbol of its passions, emotions, etc.

Without wishing to force the present volume on the public, but believing that it is required—that it will serve many besides myself, and that it contains value for all that it will sell for—I risk the cost, and without hackneyed apology present it for acceptance,

A TREATISE ON VOICE CULTURE.

JAS. J. VANCE.

BALTIMORE, January, 1882.

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PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

TO THE READER:

I need add little to the present beyond my acknowledgement of the kindly manner in which my former edition has been received and the constant demand necessitating thus early another issue.

To this revised edition have been added several sections on VOCAL DEFECTS and a clear presentation of the disorders known as STUTTERING, STAMMERING, LISPING, &c., with directions and exercises for their infallible cure; also exercises for facial muscular defects and repair, together with most important instructions to speakers and readers troubled with diseases of the throat. To this is added, from most reliable scientific sources, a simple and approved relief, which to many will be an invaluable boon. Although I have avoided making the work a *book of selections*, I have yielded to the expressed wishes of patrons—individuals and institutions—by adding a few more such as I would advise for practice upon matter discussed in the text.

JAS. J. VANCE.

JUNE 1ST, 1882.

Rev'd H. C. Alexander D.D.
With Compliments
Jas. L. Vance

PHILOSOPHIC ELOCUTION.

Initial Chapter.

The present portion of this treatise is necessarily so mechanical compared with the intellectual that one almost hesitates in laying before the student the preliminary work and exercises which succeed it.

Good Elocution may be simply defined as the intelligent, intelligible, correct and effective interpretation and expression of thought and emotion in speech and action.

Slight reflection and a proper apprehension of these terms will allow us to proceed with that which must be considered as the substratum, the *sine qua non* of all elocutionary study, effort and grace.

The Orthoepy of our Language. The art by which are attained its precise syllabication, correct articulation, proper accent and pure enunciation, must be life-long study, perfected only by

close, earnest labor. The greatest good a teacher can be expected to effect therein is to awaken observation, application, thought; and if possible excite determination to mark, constantly, distinctions, subtleties and niceties that lie between words employed; to note the chasteness, the precise pronunciation, of our language when well spoken; and to know that upon these features more perhaps than on any others depends the difference between good and bad elocution. The pupil should understand that the work must at first be his till, under an awakened judgment, it become a second nature. Then with full rapidity of thought he will see errors in himself and others; as pleasant pastime will arrest the words as they present themselves for utterance; and with easy care provide that without proper *form* they pass not into speech.

Nothing is perhaps more irksome to a teacher; nothing more liable to provoke the smile and laughter of the pupil than the *inevitable drill* and exercise which very few, if any, can dispense with or forego. Were it possible to avoid it the author would himself eschew that part of the instructor's office and also would omit much of the following.

But it must be done by all who would succeed; and those who fail to recognize the essential training of the voice until it thereby acquire softness, flexibility, rotundity and other qualities which adapt it to full natural expression; until thus moving, without *apparent care or effort*, in obedience to the mind within, it can interpret truly the varied shades and colorings of thought, mistake at once and positively the basis of practical elocution. The want of experience or knowledge of this was the defective premise in Archbishop Whately's reasoning against an art which, otherwise, he might so capably have judged.

Wherever he touches elocution he is troubled with the fear that he who devotes himself thereto becomes incorrigibly attentive to his voice and manner rather than to the matter of his work; the proper comprehension of which latter, the Archbishop would contend, is all that is necessary to successful reading or delivery. How shallow an objection he would have thought it against a study of his rhetoric and logic that the person would necessarily fail thereafter in his composition, reasoning or oratorical attempts because that, instead of engaging its power in the thought, the

polished and educated mind would be busying itself with his rules for its expression.

No, let us be just to the learned doctor, as he should have been to the sister art. The years the scholar spent in the true study of those subjects have prepared the mind against necessity to halt and blunder in the work.

So if the mind's conceit would be expressed in voice; it may surely be admitted that the same nerve machinery that conveys the intelligence to fingers, dealing with the keys and vents of flute, which sometimes in wild rapidity move with ten times the velocity of voice, can also, without clumsy halting or apparent action, move the vents and stops of that more delicate wind instrument which God attunes and gives us power to manage.

The cases are precisely parallel, and action in each is taken from the same centre. The musician—the mind—wills a slow or rapid note of such a tone, or pitch, or quality; the knowledge—obtained by long practice—is present, that the lifting or closing of such fingers in their combination will effect the wish; quicker than lightning-flash the mental nerves convey to muscles the

command, and fingers move and notes in sweet succession fill surrounding space. Who ever stops to think what process has been undergone? And yet we know that upon every note that whirled in such wild speed the following process has been taken: "I require a certain tone; D, F, G, or C, is the representative or exponent of that sound. To obtain such note I raise or close certain fingers. I shall raise or close them." He does so and 'tis done. In like manner the mind is cognizant that certain conditions of the vocal organ, closed or opened, expanded or contracted, tense or lax, will express the character of thought intended. It wills such character of expression and supplies the words. The nerves, which are simple telegraphic wires of the brain battery, flash the message, and muscles, in obedience, form the vocal parts to shapes that issue forth the sounds. The true natural interpretation is given, and all despite the opinion and objection of my lord the Archbishop Whately. This you may do, says one, without knowing the names of the parts or their construction. True, and so also may the flutist play who does not know a note. But both know the principles; both have practised on the instru-

ments, understand their management and keep them tuned.

Archbishop Whately has made many very sensible remarks upon the subject of elocution, but he took very contracted view of its *philosophy* when he limited to rule and symbol the agencies employed by the true, educated teacher of this art; as also when he thought that a correct and even profound *comprehension* of the author is sufficient for *interpretation* to an audience. The learned men of his own church, many of whom no doubt as thoroughly as himself understood the text of their print or manuscript, but who, from Sunday to Sunday, continued, and whose successors still continue the mutilation and distortion of speech and thought through most unnatural and offensive forms of delivery, should be in themselves sufficient answer to his charge against an art he certainly did not thoroughly understand. And yet some carping followers, on all sides, who not only mouth and drone and drawl, but mispronounce, derange and disarticulate the words of hymns and texts of Scripture, turn up the nose at elocution without really considering the true meaning and comprehensiveness of the term.

However, elocution has in this, perhaps, its teachers much to blame, as it is sometimes no better taught than sermons are delivered.

THE TRUE STUDY OF VOICE CULTURE, as attempted in this work, is to tune and prepare the voice intelligently for action so that when it moves it moves with dignity and strength, not needing mental supervision lest it slip or stumble. It should be unnecessary to urge the subject of culture in the *speaking voice*, yet nothing, perhaps, in our education is more recklessly neglected. Every parent thinks his daughter should be taught to sing whether she has tune or not; she must learn the piano though years of time and hundreds of dollars be squandered in the effort; but no attempt is made to cultivate the speaking voice although in every case possible and immediately within our reach.

The sweetest inflections of conversational tones, the softest and most attractive modulations of the reader and the most forceful captivating orotund of the speaker, are essentially artificial, *i. e.*, the result of proper exercises for the conservation or development of the natural power possessed; and as simple and certain in acquirement as any study

of our schools. The richest voice in sweetness, compass and power, that the author has heard for years was developed from very weak condition by one of his pupils, inside of ten weeks; and in majority of *well directed cases* it demands but little longer time, though more is required for its perfection and establishment. Half-educated elocutionists whose "system" consists of parrot-like imitation, pay little or no attention to the paramount fact long since expressed by Cicero, that "*For effectiveness and glory of delivery the cultivation of the voice holds undoubtedly first place,*" and that by proper exercise very inferior voices may in short time reach fair excellence.

They take but little note of the recorded labors of men of ancient or modern times who excelled in eloquence and expression; and they overlook the truth that Greek and Roman orators submitted to long years of study on this single subject. They disregard the fact that there were three distinct classes of instructors for the speaking voice, and they think nothing of the Greek *phonaskos* whose seperate office was to teach the pupils the most refined mode of *pronunciation*, the proper modulations and inflections, and to

superintend systematic exercises for the development and cultivation of the voice.

Cicero after completing his studies in Rome, retired to Athens, where he spent *four* years in the study of elocution—and afterwards *two* years more under one of the most celebrated tragedians. What would a young lawyer of the present day think if such course were imposed on him? For Cicero he knows was *only* the most polished and successful forensic orator of antiquity—some say of all time.

We are perhaps tired of these hackneyed stories and others of the *eight years labor* of Demosthenes to overcome his vocal disabilities, even although we know his speeches to have been more powerful than armies, and his efforts *nothing more* than the grandest oratorical successes of the past.

Let us look then to facts of our own time, and bear cheerfully in mind this, which is laid down as fact, that THE GRANDEST QUALITY OF THE SPEAKING VOICE MAY BE ARTIFICIALLY DEVELOPED in man. Nor do we mean to say that in order to succeed as orator or reader a teacher of elocution is in all cases necessary any more than is the professor to the intelligent student of classics or the musical

instructor to the diligent amateur of harmony. The aim would be attained if we could secure to elocution proper, the well directed effort now so much denied and which must be given for success.

Let us ask the opinion or question the lives of men around us, eminent in the pulpit, in the forum, on the platform, on the stage: Henry Ward Beecher, whose voice and action not unfrequently have moved a hemisphere; Edward Everett, whose fascinating tones and gesture spellbound halls and senates; Wendell Phillips, whose sweet, sonorous voice, with graceful poise and chaste gesticulation may well be offered as a platform model for the nation; Edwin Booth, the impersonation of ideal grace and finished action, which, even dissociated from his truly inspired voice management, would eloquently speak. Let us ask these did they not devote years of pleasant labor mixed with active thought to the study of correct intelligent elocution, which means also gesture, and we may stake our belief in this art upon their honest answer in the affirmative. These successes are not accidents: nor upon the thoroughly understood definition of elocution as "Pronunciation, Expression, Action," held by

Greek and Roman two thousand years ago, would it be much exaggeration to attribute such successes to this reviving art.

It is astonishing that such apathy, one might almost say stupidity, should prevail in this matter not only amongst those whose successful life-work is dependent chiefly on the effective oral exposition of their thought, but amongst educators who control the last and the best years of the student's college course ere he passes out to take his place in the pulpit, at the bar, or in public life.

Colleges exact five or six years in classics, additional years of toil in Hebrew for the pulpit; yet during those six or eight *years* the student has not, save in the most rudimentary manner or at accidental times, had six or eight *weeks* instruction in the art of oratorical delivery or reading, the basis of his life success. Some educated men are thoughtless enough to believe that this will naturally come to them, even in presence of the fact that majority of ripest scholars are therein deplorably deficient as many of their most superficial juniors.

Men excel one another in general talent and

capacity, but a *scholar by inspiration* has never yet been found. So one excels another in speaking, but the *orator* must *yet be born* to take high rank without preparation and earnest labor. Suppose some orators were named who had become such without instruction; would it be stronger reason for denouncing elocution and its study than it would be to abolish our national schools, our colleges and professorial chairs because some "self-made" men without opportunities of school or college have held high places in the world of letters, art and science; higher than graduates, fellows, and wranglers of university or college?

Because a self-educated blacksmith outstripped all linguists of the age, should it follow that we require no chair of languages in educational institutions? Puerility is a term too worthy under which to catalogue such reasoning; yet men with as bald unreason discuss the subject of elocution.

We may accept it as a truth that the successful orator has made faithful study of elocution and gesture, sometime, somewhere, either by himself or under an efficient master; and the only sensible, debatable question, in the premises is: Should

it not like every other study be prosecuted under competent instructors; should it like Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres hold a chair in our colleges; or is it the only known exception to the instructive art?

There is no more blundering delusion than the contracted estimate *apparently entertained* by college faculties, school commissioners, professional and general pupils, of the sphere and responsibility of the elocutionist. There are notable cases all around us of engagements between learned faculties and "professors of elocution," whose chief educational attainments consist of some practised tricks of voice and a few catch-pieces that they teach as "readings" to classes, which they treat like so many parrots; perpetrating, during their "*instruction*," the grossest mispronunciations and grammatical mistakes; besides, exhibiting such general ignorance of the language, with whose highest, deepest, fullest, subtlest forms they are supposed intelligently to deal, as should immediately cancel their appointment. The author has lately been addressed by no ordinary scholar, at the head of a university, requesting his terms "to drill the boys of the graduating

class for about a week preceding commencement." Such is the scant consideration given to this subject sometimes in high quarters.

Thus huckstered for and taught, it is an empiric evil rather than instructive art or science; and while thus misunderstood and valued, while ten or twenty *accidental lectures* on the broad subject of elocution and gesture are considered in oratorical training equivalent to six or eight *years* in classics, nothing better may be hoped for among speakers.

Just lately has come to the knowledge of the author another of numerous like cases where a minister was dismissed by his congregation because of his intolerable reading and delivery. His fellow-students and the faculty exclaimed, "That is a great pity! Why, he was one of the best students and theologians that ever passed out of our halls!" Yet reason cannot blame his congregation, which had reasonably borne with him, nor withhold, without intended harshness, the admission, "served him right."

It is a pleasing fact, however, that in our best educational institutes it is finding more appreciation, and that chairs are being established for it

in our Universities and Theological Colleges. In these last, without insinuating *what would not be true*, that they require it more than others, much good must be the result where properly taught For there is no place on earth so wide and elevated for the orator as the Christian pulpit; no themes so inexhaustable or inspiring as man deals with there, and few places, perhaps, where so much learning and some slovenly elocution are unduly mixed. This should not continue. Is it not a duty of the minister to devote himself to any study that would enable him more truly, intelligently and intelligibly to interpret gospel texts, to read with earnest grace the hymns of service, and to interest his hearers in the soul of poetry that breathes in sacred song! How aptly here apply the words of the learned Dr. McNeile, Dean of Ripon, published some few years since.

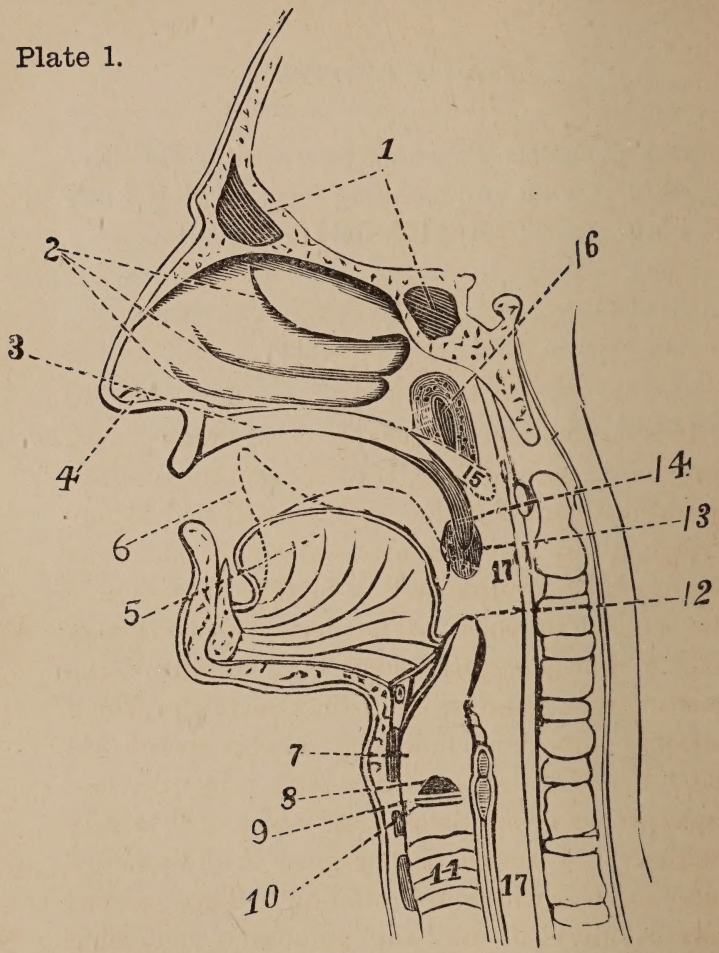
Differing from his fellow-churchman, Archbishop Whately, he states, * * * * "in whatever department of his labors you contemplate the minister of the church, *it would be difficult to estimate the advantage that might, under Divine blessing, be derived from elocution classes in our*

universities, where under competent professors our young men might be trained in recitation, both of selections from standard authors and of their own compositions, on set subjects. Instead of superseding any of the present process this might be added to all, *and if candidates for Orders were thereby delayed a year* there would be more than compensation for the delay in the increased competency for the work."

Some good educational institutions say we have not room for it. We have no time. Then better abandon some less valuable item in the curriculum and *make* room for a study which when correctly taught becomes not only the grace of speaker and reader, but the *exegesis* of the *exegete* whereby half-blundering commentators are corrected and explained. It needs no hesitation to assert that in a chair of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres the educated elocutionist accomplished in the grace of gesture would, *cæteris paribus*, be a threefold better teacher than one unskilled therein; and it may be fairly questioned if there can be thorough and effective instruction in the former branches unless supplemented by the latter.

LET STUDENTS CONSIDER how widely elocution reaches, mixing and blending with all they know and learn, not of English only but of all tongues, not shown alone in "readings" or orations, but in composition and in conversation, giving finish, polish, grace and attractiveness to all things educational in school or college, *because it refines the mind.* IT WILL BE BETTER UNDERSTOOD.

Plate 1.



ANATOMICAL SECTION—VOICE ORGANS AND RELATIONS.

1. Cavities, or fissures, in the head bones (frontal and sphenoidal cells). 2. Channels of the Nose (sup. mid. and inf. meatus). 3. Hard Palate. 4. The Nostril. 5. The Tongue. 6. The Tongue up-lifted, in action. 7. The Larynx, with thyroid cartilage in front. 8. The Ventricle of Larynx. 9 Vocal Cords, or bands. 10 Points to the *glottis*, or slit between the cords through which the breath passes. 11. Trachea (or Windpipe). 12. The upper part of Epiglottis, in act of shutting down. 13. The Tonsils on each side of palate. 14. The Uvula, or soft end of palate (lax or pendent). 15. Dotted lines—The soft palate raised. 16. The Eustachian Tube, opening to the ear. 17—17. The Pharynx.

CHAPTER II.

Physiology of Voice.

It is so common to speak of vocal organs, vocal cords, etc., without any true conception of their operation or construction, that we will find it here expedient to take a concise survey of portion of the organism preliminary to further discussion of the subject of voice. The deeper student may refer to works on physiology, etc., but out of the much larger number of distinct members which perform important functions in our speech we must here content ourselves with principal ones, some proper comprehension of which will largely facilitate our action and progress in the practice and exercises which are to follow. These organs may be divided into the voluntary and semi-voluntary, the former of which, as the breathing muscles, tongue, lips, etc., being so immediately subservient to the will, need not at present be discussed, as they will be more fully dealt with

in proper place hereafter. The principal parts with which we should be practically familiar, as the voice is the resultant of their action, are the ABDOMINAL and DORSAL MUSCLES, the DIAPHRAGM, THORAX, PLEURA, LUNGS, BRONCHIAL TUBES, TRACHEA, LARYNX, GLOTTIS, EPIGLOTTIS, VOCAL CORDS, PHARYNX, UVULA, HARD PALATE, MOUTH and NOSE.

I. THE NOSE.—This organ is too little understood or too much overlooked in its influence, good or bad, upon the voice. Its cavity is peculiar, and may be regarded as a collection of six small tubes, each nostril being separated into three channels running horizontally from before backwards and opening into the upper part of the pharynx. (See plate 1). The base of the nose, so to speak, is formed by the upper part of the palate or roof of the mouth.

II. THE MOUTH requires no special description, and is noted here simply as among the principal organs directly connected with the voice. Its capacity, varied and affected by other members, has especially to do with the character of vocal sounds, for by its accommodation as resonance chamber, supplemented by the eustachian tubes, the nose and fissures in the bony structure of the head or face, the most harmonious tones of voice are obtained. Besides this, the enlargement of this cavity and the forceful direction of the air column against the solid arch of the hard palate, greatly augments the power and volume of voice. This enlargement is easily affected by muscular action upon the soft palate, the pharynx, and parts adjacent.

III. The Hard Palate.—This is the arch or sounding-board of the mouth, and extends from the front teeth backwards until it terminates in the soft palate, which falls like a curtain, separating the forepart of the mouth from the backpart or pharynx. (See 3, plate 1.)

IV. The Uvula, or Soft Palate.—This is the member seen at the back part of the mouth, overhanging the tongue and pendent from the centre of the soft palate at each side of and immediately behind which lie the glands called tonsils, surrounded by two ridges of muscles called the pillars of the fauces. Between the fauces again, on each side, opens a tube (the Eustachian) leading to the ear, and which ranks among the resonant organs, modifying tones of voice. 16, plate 1. The swollen, the lax or sluggish condition of the uvula or tonsils has much effect upon voice, as in the case of cold, etc., hereinafter explained.

V. The Pharynx, or Swallow, forms the open space at the back of the mouth, with varying dimensions in different persons. Its size and shape can be altered by movements of the parts by which it is bounded, and its contraction or enlargement has much to do with the capacity of the voice, through the resonant space thus offered. Its enlargement gives depth of tone and reserve force, and its contraction high tone and smallness to the voice. Its average length in adults is about three and a half inches, reaching from the base of the skull back of the *nares*, or nasal ducts, behind the uvula, or palate, then directly to the stomach.

VI. The Larynx, directly in front of the pharynx and leading to the lungs, is that protuberance seen on the neck immediately below the chin, and familiarly known as "Adam's Apple." The cavity within is bell-like, its principal vocal function being that of resonance. Upon its dimensions depend very much the depth, power and strength of voice, and when largely developed and

prominent to sight it will be found that the individual, other things being equal, possesses strong vocal capacity. In women it is about one-third smaller than in men, rarely showing itself outwardly, and hence the fact of their finer and weaker voice. So as to facilitate its enlargement or contraction, and thus the power and character of sound, it is constructed of a series of gristly rings and cartilage so bound and controlled by muscles as to be remarkably elastic. By the adjustment of another set of muscles it is also moved upwards and downwards about an inch, thus giving in its descent a deeper and graver tone, while the opposite is effected by its elevation.

VII. The Vocal Cords are in fact a portion of the larynx, making it the immediate locality and general instrument of sound. They are two in number, somewhat prism-like or triangular in shape, broader and flat on the upper surface, more resembling what the Germans call them—vocal bands (*Stimmbänder*). They lie about half an inch from the top of the larynx, and consist of strong white and highly elastic tissue. They are fastened anteriorly to what is called the thyroid cartilage, posteriorly to the arytœnoid, and at rest lie quite close together with a mere thread-like chink between. From the nature of their attachment they can be only separated posteriorly, so that when open widest, as in case of strong in-breathing, the aperture takes triangular form, the sides about four-fifths of an inch and the base about half an inch. In vocalization they approach a parallel position. Subject to the action of the *larynx*, they are capable of elongation or contraction as it enlarges or diminishes, and upon such changes, in a great degree, depend again the character and quality of vocal sounds. Their extension, making fewer vibrations, gives deeper tones, and their contraction, with consequent increased vibration, higher and sharper tones. At

greatest length in man they rarely exceed *four-fifths* of an inch, and in woman about one-third less. Hence again the difference in power, pitch and tone of their respective voices.

VIII. THE GLOTTIS is simply the aperture or slit between the approximating edges of the vocal cords already mentioned, and is capable of distension by their lateral movement. In strong inspiration it opens most, taking the form of an isosceles triangle, but in ordinary vocalization presenting a parallel chink-opening, much less than generally believed, even in our strongest or loudest vociferation.

The obvious difficulty of scientific inspection of these parts during life *and in action* leaves our knowledge of the *modus operandi* a simple philosophical induction, but so ingenious withal as to amount to satisfactory demonstration. Physiological detail is beyond the scope of the present work, but the pupil should understand the term as if with his knife he made a slit in a sheet of paper, and that slit represent the *glottis*.

IX. THE EPIGLOTTIS is a small member employed as valve or lid, covering when necessary the glottis, upon which it closes at the slightest action of the muscles which elevate the larynx in the act of swallowing. It stands immediately behind the tongue, being attached thereto, and by its closure not only prevents the possibility of food or liquids entering the larynx and passage to the lungs, but in its motion modulates at times the tones of voice. Thus by slight deflection it may throw the air

column, in its upward passage, against the back part of the pharynx and mouth cavity; or in upright position allow its more direct action against the hard palate or sounding board of the mouth.

X. THE TRACHEA, commonly known as the windpipe, is the continuation of the larynx in form of a gristly or cartilaginous duct running about four inches from the lower portion of the larynx.

XI. THE BRONCHIAL TUBES.—These are again a continuation of the trachea, dividing itself into two branches leading right and left, then gradually into numerous other smaller branches ultimately no thicker than a pin, and terminating in groups of little spongy air cells.

XII. THE LUNGS are the connection and collection together into one mass on each side of the chest of these very elastic spongy cells, so well known as the receptacle of the air we breathe. At every expansion of the chest the air rushes into these cells and is again driven out by muscular contraction.

The measure of the lung power, as a vocal organ, is the quantity of air contained therein, and this can be largely augmented by correct breathing, the process to be presently explained; for no fact is better established in elocution or medical science than this, that a very considerable proportion of the cells composing the lungs are not, even in the very large majority of healthy persons, brought into use, expanded or filled in respiration.

XIII. The Pleura is the thin muscular membrane which surrounds and embraces the lungs, contracting and expanding as it is operated upon and in harmony with the diaphragm, abdominal and pectoral muscles. By its contraction it presses around the lungs and, as the hand would squeeze the water from a sponge, expresses the air therefrom through the bronchial tubes upwards through the glottis.

XIV. The Diaphragm, so called (from *Diaphragma*, a partition,) because it serves as a partition between the chest and the abdomen, separating the heart, lungs, etc., from the lower viscera—is a large flat and thin muscle or plexus of muscles shaped like a fan and attached all around to the inside of the lower ribs, known also as the floor of the chest. It moves in harmony with the abdominal muscles, and when relaxed its upper surface arches into the thorax, contracting that cavity and causing pressure upon the pleura which in its contraction presses the lungs. Thus in tranquil respiration the changing of the air is accomplished by the alternate elevation and depression, or relaxation and contraction of this muscle—the diaphragm.

XV. The Abdominal and pectoral muscles around the chest—or thorax—and adown the abdominal region, are said to consist of three layers of muscles, which are thus strongly multiplied for the purpose of aiding in the work of breathing. By their contraction and relaxation in harmony with the diaphragm a more forceful and complete respiration is performed, which again in strongest efforts are supplemented by the action of the dorsal muscles in the same direction. These dorsal muscles lie, as their name imports, at the back in the region of the waist. Thus, for a full inspiration, the whole of those muscles relax, the diaphragm descends, the air rushes in and fills up the lungs, which inflate in proportion to their capacity, and the enlarged thoracic

cavity, and herein is effected the most perfect inspiration—the preparation for strongest vocal effort. This is effected in the *expiration*, as follows: The abdominal, pectoral and dorsal muscles are contracted with rapidity and force, the muscular walls of the abdominal cavity press upon the viscera, which in turn press upon and force upwards the relaxing diaphragm; this compresses and lessens the cavity of the chest and forces the contracting muscular action of the pleura upon the lungs, which thus, being grasped and squeezed, give forth the air; and this rushing through bronchial tubes, trachea and larynx, strikes the vocal cords into vibrations. These vibrations result in *voice*, which is then modified and turned to language by palate, tongue, teeth, lips, etc.

Thus is seen the history of speech creation; and thus it is obvious that the more complete control we obtain of the abdominal and diaphragmatic muscles, the more perfect will be our breathing, the more complete our command of voice.

Section II.—Forms of Voice.

The voice, created as above, employs itself in three different forms of expression, which, as they will be more clearly dealt with hereafter, need only now be mentioned. Their names here given will be, in the meantime, sufficiently explicit of their character and office.

1st. THE EFFUSIVE—"Pouring out," as its name imports, the voice softly, tranquilly, solemnly in pleasing thoughts, pathos, reverence, devotion, &c.

2d. THE EXPULSIVE—"Serving to expel" the voice with force through impassioned, oratorical, earnest, decisive thought, &c.

3d. THE EXPLOSIVE—"Driving or bursting out" with violence and power, as in strong command, passion, alarm, &c.

SECTION III.—VOICE QUALITIES.

For purposes of true elocution it will be sufficient to treat of voice under the following *qualities* as distinguished from character or condition. They will find exposition in due place, but are inserted in the present connection as part of the mechanical substructure of this work.

Those qualities are: PURE TONE, OROTUND, GUTTURAL, PECTORAL, ASPIRATE.

Section IV.—Attributes of Voice.

Of these there are six, and so called because they are cumulative essential properties of expression, necessary to the utterance of every sentence spoken, and without the service of every one of which no vocal expression can be had.

They are *Form*, *Quality*, *Force*, *Stress*, *Pitch*, *Movement*, and of which a simple analysis will illustrate their inevitable use. There is no sentence so simple that it can be spoken without employing

Form, be it effusive, expulsive or explosive.
Quality, " pure, guttural, orotund, aspirate.
Force, " abrupt, subdued or impassioned.
Stress, " radical, final, median, compound.
Pitch, " high, middle, low, or very high.
Movement, be it slow, rapid or moderate.

Section V.—Voice Timbre.

Lastly, in the present sequence, may be noted vocal idiosyncrasy. It is not more singular than other features of our nature that no two voices can be found alike, and we know that such prevails as positively as the changing lineaments of

the human face, the differing leaf of tree and flower. This idiosyncrasy, by the French called "timbre," and which word we adopt, is the result of the peculiar construction of the vocal cords in each human being. These cords, two in number, extending as we have seen across the upper part of the larynx, forming as it were the lips of the glottis, receive the shock of the air as it is expelled from the lungs through the trachea and larynx. The force of concussion causes them to vibrate, and this vibration produces sound, *or voice.* The tension, relaxation, health, length, strength, thickness and other conditions of these cords are the chief elements which give peculiarity to vocal sounds.

Voice timbre, however, is the result more particularly of complex relations herein, and may be illustrated as follows: Stretch a wire or string tensely between two points, and after striking it, say in the middle, listen to the sounds produced. You will discover one strong or fundamental sound, and on each side of this lighter sounds, growing finer and dying as you reach either end. If the ear be sharp enough, still finer sounds will be heard running from each of the points of

vibration toward the end and interfusing themselves in delicate harmony with the others. These lighter or finer sounds, to distinguish them from the strong or fundamental, are termed HARMONICS. Thus, then, as to the voice; the column of air propelled through the trachea reaches and strikes the vocal cord, producing exactly those phenomena, except that instead of being struck at one point the vocal cords are struck along the entire line, and so the result is more ingeniously modified and complex.

The main sound heard is the *fundamental tone*, and the harmonious blending of the lighter elements therewith, as they shape themselves in the surrounding resonance chambers, gives to the complete voice that idiosyncrasy or *timbre* so unbounded in variety and so positive withal that we rarely, if ever, find two voices fully corresponding.

CHAPTER III.

Breathing.

Trusting that the foregoing may sufficiently indicate the philosophy of Voice or true Phonation, we may now proceed to the practical uses of its machinery:

Breathing is, as above exemplified, the resultant of muscular action, the force and element out of which voice is created through its action on the vocal bands. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is a truth that the indisposition to inhale our allotted proportion of air so freely offered us is the main cause of voice failure or defect. If we would strengthen, invigorate and improve the voice we must begin by a due cultivation of the means of supply, and through it the cultivation of the power and capacity of organism upon which such results depend. It is quite certain that the majority of students overlook such, and will overlook these suggestions in their haste to reach the grand desideratum, the ability to read attractively. But it is quite as certain that before

they can reach any such consummation they will be obliged to *return to* and make this subject a chief study of their effort. There are therefore here laid down such instructions and exercises as may be sufficient for the purpose intended.

As the character, *force* and *quality of voice* and action will largely depend upon the health, strength and grace of body, it is proper to mention that to all wishing to excel as readers or speakers appropriate gymnastic or calisthenic exercise and training are desirable, if not necessary. It is not here expedient to consume space in treating of such beyond suggesting that from experience and knowledge of the gymnasium, *the art of fencing* embraces by far the most *graceful*, elastic and healthful movements practised by youth, and that next thereto light Indian club exercise not only *may* but *ought* to be learned by both sexes as preliminary to a healthful life, apart from elocutionary considerations. Properly directed gymnastics should always, when available, be practised, and are invaluable aids to thorough voice development. So the intelligent teacher may introduce or advise what he knows best suited to the occasion.

These, however, being absent, let the student stand erect, not stiff, body straight, chest full, shoulders back, one foot slightly in advance of and about four to six inches distant from the other, forming therewith an angle of about eighty degrees, as in annexed first position.

FIRST POSITION.

Let the retired limb be straight and well braced, but not stiff, with weight resting on retired foot, arms akimbo, fingers forward on abdominal and thumb back on dorsal muscles, head properly poised, leaning neither forward, backward or sideward, and thus proceed to exercises:

THERE ARE THREE FORMS OF BREATHING or employing the breath which also apply as modes of using the voice in all its qualities. These forms are respectively the *Effusive*, the *Expulsive* and the *Explosive*, and may be properly introduced in first efforts of *Voice Culture*.

THE EFFUSIVE FORM is that strong, full, tran-

quil action of the abdominal muscles in their expansion, letting down the diaphragm, relaxing the pleura, and inflating the cells of the lungs by the in-rushing air, and then out-pouring or effusing it smoothly and gently, without abruptness, from the vocal organs.

Let the student occasionally practice this about a dozen times, *inhaling through the nostrils*, until the chest becomes expanded to its full capacity; then at each *expiration* let the mouth open roundly, the teeth about three-fourths of an inch apart, and the muscles quietly contract, pressing the breath effusively and lightly as possible from the lungs just sufficiently to make audible the aspirate sound of *h*—(hay), and keeping up the effusion as long as possible.

ADDITIONAL EXERCISES—EFFUSIVE FORM.

I. Inhale and exhale slowly *through the nostrils.*
" " forcibly " "
" " abruptly " "

II. Inhale *through the nostrils* and retain the air as long as possible. Do this several times, on each occasion expelling the air in long deep whisper of one of the long vowels, A, E, I, O, U.

III. Inhale as before, against pressure of hands on walls of chest. Retain the air and knead the chest with palms of hands; then expel air forcibly, whispering same sounds, A, E, I, O, U.

IV. While walking or running contract and retain contracted, occasionally, the abdominal muscles.
V. Inhale fully through the nostrils and hold the air while walking or running.

NOTE.—The use and advantage of *Effusive Form* is to give smoothness to tone and a mildness to voice utterance, which are necessary in the expression of *devotion, love, pathos, solemnity* and all the purer and nobler feelings and emotions.

THE EXPULSIVE FORM.—Practice the inhalation as before, *through the nostrils.* Retain the air in the lungs for a moment, and then with rapid action of the abdominal muscles expel it with lively force in form of light cough, throwing the column of air against the back part of the roof of the mouth with the sound "hŭh" clearly audible and forceful.

To this may be added, as a most approved exercise, the various forms of SIGHING, viz., a full and rapid inspiration and expulsive expiration, first through the nostrils and then through the mouth. Again with the air drawn in and expelled with tremulous action in form of shortened sobs.

Also practice the ordinary act of SOBBING which in light convulsive form draws in and expels the air.

NOTE.—This exercise, while much improving the means of supplying and supporting the voice, will be found most essential in subsequent rendering of emotional passages, the pathetic, etc.

THE EXPLOSIVE FORM.—Draw in the breath as first directed, (through nostrils.) After a momentary suspension allow a slight effusion so that the passage below the larynx be not quite filled. Then open the mouth as before, (three-fourths to one inch,) and with strong rapid action of the abdominal and dorsal muscles and diaphragm, drive the breath forcibly, sharply, suddenly, with an explosive "hâh," or "hŏh," against the palate or roof of the mouth, thence to be projected outward in compact volume.

This may be continued, occasionally, for about a dozen explosions as a most effective means of opening up the voice, strengthening and getting more instantaneous control of weakened functional muscles; but should not be indulged excessively or more than two or three times daily.

This form may be judiciously practised in explosive hearty laugh "*ha! ha! ha!*" or in short cough, which it closely resembles.

ALSO in sudden strong inspirations and expirations as if PANTING after rapid running, etc.

ALSO in form of long violent GASPING for breath with inhalation so strong as to be fully audible in its vibrations on the vocal cords, such as may be heard from man in deep agony.

NOTE.—The last two will form useful exercise should the reader or speaker at any time require to interpret violent emotions or passions.

The student who has heard Edwin Booth utter the line

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st!"

and heard him draw that fearful gasp—when quitting the stage with Lady Macbeth after the murder—will require no assurance of the perfection to which it may be cultivated; nor will he be likely to forget its awful power in execution, or to grudge the discipline that trains the organs for its effective use.

NOTE.—THE MAIN THOUGHT in the above exercises *must be to breathe strongly* and naturally as possible, keeping the vocal organs well open and making the lower muscles do the work, without any movement of shoulders or body. Keep the tongue flat as possible in the mouth and well down at root so as to offer no obstruction to free passage of the air, and the above exercises will be quite sufficient for all practical purposes, especially as they are intended to be supplemented in each subsequent chapter of this portion of the work.

There are four rudimentary positions of the

feet and lower limbs of which the annexed cut shows the first position.

FIRST POSITION.

In this the whole figure may be supposed to be in attitude, page 33, full front to audience, the weight of the body resting on the left foot, as shown by darker shading underneath, and the right just an inch or two in advance; the heels about four or six inches apart, and the whole foot forming nearly a right angle with the other.

SECOND POSITION.

The second position is effected by gracefully swaying the body from left to right; from *first position*, or that of rest, until the right foot bears the weight of the body, which then assumes appearance of action in that direction.

THIRD POSITION.

THE THIRD position is the opposite of the first; viz., the weight of the body resting on the right foot, and the left in manner and position above described, forming the like angle with the other as shown in figure.

FOURTH POSITION.

THE FOURTH position is again the reverse of the second. The body swaying to the left from its rest on the right foot until the weight is shifted to the left or forward foot and the body assuming the appearance of motion in that direction.

Let the pupil practise each of these positions during the various exercises, so as to acquire ease and grace of posture and motion. If these attitudes and movements were properly taught and insisted on in schools and institutes, nine-tenths of the nonsensical action of calisthenics practised to no purpose might be dispensed with. It is a patent fact that not one out of one hundred of the strongest drilled in calisthenic classes takes up a proper position at rest or makes a graceful motion in gesture.

NOTE.—The pupil should before entering upon above and following exercises measure the girth of his chest, and he will find, in addition to his vocal power, an increase of from one to two inches in chest measurement at the end of two months fair practice.

CHAPTER IV.

Articulation.

Good Articulation involves four essentials or qualities—Correctness, Distinctness, Ease and Elegance—giving to every letter its due proportion and making syllabic distinction so accurate as to avoid all fusion and confusion.

It is feared that this portion of the subject of Elocution will be more or less neglected by students; yet would they faithfully consider its utility as preliminary to the thorough acquisition of the object sought, they would undoubtedly accept the advice here given and accord it full attention, satisfied how great its influence on the true mastery of the art. The deplorable fact that many from such neglect never become even reasonably good readers or speakers, and the further fact that many teachers for like causes go blundering along, misleading others and perpetuating errors and mispronunciations which

might have been avoided or repaired, should warn the beginner against like oversight. There can be no greater mistake than this neglect, and here upon the threshold the student is cautioned against it.

An Arrangement of Exercises differing from the ordinary is proposed in this portion of the work; one which will certainly be much more serviceable than the system generally pursued. It is, of course, necessary that we should know the true vowel and elementary sounds of our language; but it is manifest to all that there is less ignorance in this respect than in their practical application. Very few school teachers, for instance, could be found unfit to pass a reasonable examination upon those elementary sounds; perhaps as few teachers of elocution; and yet it is a discreditable truth that large majorities of both are constantly abusing those sounds much more frequently than they would wish to believe.

In most published works on elocution large space is allotted to the parade of elements with numerous examples and exercises set forth for practice upon the individual letters under their natural and modified sounds.

There is very strong doubt of any adequate return practically obtained for the time and labor thus expended, for its supporters pay such slight attention to those individual elements when found combined in words; and so much bad enunciation and pronunciation exist among comparatively educated men and teachers who have followed it, that it is time to conclude against a system in which most certainly the error lies.

The student will find below a key, as given by Worcester, and can have no difficulty in learning therefrom, or from his dictionary, the true sound or character of any given element, which, with the aid of simple catch-words there set forth, he can determine and settle upon the voice in a few minutes so as to give it due pronunciation in syllables and words. The pure elementary sounds are thus quite as easily made, and more truly exhibited in syllables than alone. Exercises, thus, with words constructed and employed, become more useful for our purpose. THEIR TRUE SYLLABIC ARTICULATION and enunciation, their accurate accentuation marked and mastered in this manner, supply us terms of speech

about which we have some security, and we proceed to read or speak without fear of exposing our ignorance.

NOTE.—THE FOLLOWING TABLE with above suggestions will serve every necessity, and the author would never advise the waste of time and consequent injustice done to pupils in arranging the lips and distorting the visage with mouth wide enough, as laid down by most authors, to admit, side-wise, the two fore-fingers. Many render themselves ridiculous; but none except with abnormal *facial apertures*, are successful readers through such process. It is not necessary, and is unnatural. Try it before a mirror. Pupils do not need to be pouted and puckered up in lip and mouth and features to make correct sounds. In almost every case, even if awkward, they can, in a few minutes, learn correct natural sounds and expression from a teacher; and it is doubtful if a more ludicrous exhibition could be witnessed than that presented by a class of young ladies and gentlemen submissively undergoing these distortions. Avoid it.

Moliére aptly satirizes the practice in a short scene of his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* between *Le Mâitre de Philosophie* and his pupil *Mons. Jourdain.*

Le Mâitre.—La vóix, O, se forme en rouvrant les machoires, et rapprochant les lévres par les deux coins, le haut et le bas—O.

Mons. J.—O, O. Il n'ya rien de plus juste. O, O. Cela est admirable! O, O.

Le Mâitre.—L'ouverture de la bouche fait justement comme un petit rond qui represente un O.

Mons. J.—O, O, O. Vous avez raison. O. Ah! la belle chose que de savoir quelque chose!

Le Mâitre.—La voix U se forme en rapprochant les dents sans les joindre entiérement et allongeant les deux lévres en dehors, les approchant aussi l'une de l'autre, sans les rejoindre tout-a-fait. U.

Mons. J.—U, U. Il n'ya rien de plus veritable—U.

Le Maître.—Vos deux lévres s'allongent comme si vous faissiez la moue; d'où vient que si vous la voulez faire à quelqu'un et vous moquer de lui, vous ne sauriez lui dire que—U.

Mons. J.—U, U. Cela est vrai. Ah! que n'ai-je etudié plutôt pour savoir tout cela!

PRINCIPLES OF PRONUNCIATION.

ADAPTATION OF

WORCESTER'S KEY TO SOUNDS OF LETTERS.

VOWELS.

	Examples.
Ā *long*	FĀTE, ĀID, LĀCE.
Ă *short*	FĂT, MĂN, CĂRRY.
A *long before* R .	FARE, PAIR, BEAR.
Ä *Italian or grave*	FÄR, FÄTHER.
Â *broad*	FÂLL, HÂUL, WÂRM.
Ē *long*	MĒTE, FĒAR, KĒĒP.
Ĕ *short*	MĔT, MĔN, FĔRRY.
Ê *like* A	HÊIR, THÊRE, WHÊRE.
Ë *short and obtuse*	HËR, HËRD, FËRVID.
Ī *long*	PĪNE, FĪLE, FĪND.
Ĭ *short*	PĬN, MĬSS, MĬRROR.
Î *like long* Ē . .	MÎEN, MACHÎNE.
Ï *short and obtuse*	SÏR, BÏRD, VÏRTUE.

	Examples.
Ō *long*	NŌTE, TŌW, SŌRE.
Ŏ *short*	NŎT, ŎDD, BŎRROW.
Ô *long and close* .	MÔVE, FÔÔD.
Ö *broad, like br'd* Â	NÖR, SÖRT, ÖUGHT.
O *like short* Ŭ . .	SON, DONE, MONEY.
Ū *long*	TŪBE, TŪNE, SŪIT.
Ŭ *short*	TŬB, HŬT, HŬRRY.
Û *middle or obtuse*	BÛLL, PÛLL, PÛSH.
Ü *short and obtuse*	FÜR, MÜRMUR.
U *like* Ô *in* MÔVE.	RULE, RUDE, BRUTE.
Y *long*	TYPE, LYRE.
Y *short*	SYLVAN, SYMBOL.
Y *short and obtuse*	MYRRH, MYRTLE.

ŎĬ *and* ŎY . . . . . BŎĬL, TŎĬL, BŎY, TŎY.
ŎŪ *and* ŎW . . . . . BŎŪND, TŎWN, NŎW.
EW *like long* Ū . . . FEW, NEW, DEW.

SYLLABIC GROUPS.

		Examples.
TION, SION	*like* SHUN .	NATION. PENSION.
SION *like* ZHUN . .		CONFUSION.
CEAN, CIAN	*like* SHAN.	OCEAN. OPTICIAN.
GEOUS, GIOUS	*like* JUS . .	COURAGEOUS. RELIGIOUS.

		Examples.
CIAL, SIAL, TIAL	*like* SHAL .	COMMERCIAL. CONTROVERSIAL. PARTIAL.
CEOUS, CIOUS, TIOUS	*like* SHUS	FARINACEOUS. CAPACIOUS. SENTENTIOUS.

NOTE.—The author accepts the responsibility of omitting certain sounds given by Worcester, disputed by some good authorities, and which, in their doubtful condition may be deemed cumbersome. For instance, the so-called "intermediate" sound of "a"—between *a* in mast and *a* in masticate, etc.—and which is made to run through about one hundred words in our language.

It is a distinction very few make, few can make, and just as few understand when made. Elements had better be understood as of substantial sound than balancing between any two. Those, therefore, are omitted.

The others are the "*obscure*" sounds which he attaches to all vowels in addition to the "*obtuse*"—e. g. li*a*r, pal*a*ce, etc.

There is no necessity for this obscurity in certain words. There is too much of it in all our pronunciations, and the care should be to avoid it. If obliged to use the term *liar* it may just as well be clearly spoken li*ar* as obscurely li*ur* or otherwise; and so of *palace*, etc. Therefore, to avoid unnecessary difficulty, and tend towards definite principle, "obscure" sounds are omitted, leaving those who are not sufficiently confused with the "obtuse" to seek the former in the dictionary.

SECTION I.—CORRECTNESS.

Correctness as an essential of articulation must be based upon a true understanding and intelligent practice of the sounds and combinations of elements in speech; and the above table supplying as it does the common, simple means of ascertaining such sounds, we may proceed with

exercises upon words which we think and trust will repay the student for the time bestowed. We sometimes little suspect the many errors we are guilty of and which orthoepists point out, even amongst hourly used expressions. Therefore, in selecting exercises in sounds and vocal tones, if the student learn to correct occasional inaccuracies which bad teaching, inattention or habit may have fixed upon him, there will be, at least, a double good effected.

Where speakers or pupils have any peculiar fault of vowel or other pronunciation arising from carelessness, provincial, local or other cause, it is absolute loss of time and effort to attempt eradication or reform by *written instruction;* when for instance, as frequently found, among educated classes—

Cow is pronounced C*æ*ow—and Car is pron. Câh.
Gale is pron. G*a*-el—and G*a*te is pron. G*æ*et.
Door is D*œ*er-or D*øh*—More is M*œ*er or M*øh*, etc., etc.

In the first place it is very difficult to make them believe that they have such fault, and they would never accept the intimation from a book. In the second place, when they do realise and

admit the defect, it requires much honesty, patience and ingenuity of a teacher by constant exercise and example of the living voice to repair it. Such, however, is the only way it can effectively be done; time and printed space would be wasted in attempt to do it here.

Position for Practice.

This is not a useless instruction, for if there is anything more than another that experience has found elocutionary exercises and study do for pupils, it has been the adding of grace to mind and body. And the truly earnest student who neglects this instruction will miss a proportionate amount of voice improvement as well as grace of action and bearing that would certainly succeed to faithful practice.

Stand erect, as given, page 33. Use full breathing, clear tone, slow time, moderate pitch of voice, give out no more breath than is converted into pure sound, and after taking the element with its catch-word, and pronouncing it several times satisfactorily, proceed with the exercises.

NOTE.—An erroneous idea possesses some ladies that strong and forceful exercises are likely to make their voices masculine, coarse or heavy. Such fear is absolutely baseless. The physiology of voice herein exhibited will prevent this possibility. The organism being proportioned to their physique and nature, will ensure the character and quality of the feminine voice. The force employed gives it but softness, flexibility and dignity consistent with its mechanism, in the same proportion and on the same principle only as like culture improves the masculine.

At the head of each example is found the element and catch-word as marked by Worcester. The most natural of vocal sounds and the first element to be mastered is ITALIAN A, which is the sound first made by us in life, and of which all other vowels are but modifications. It is therefore placed first in order.

BEFORE ENTERING UPON EXERCISES let it be premised that a great tendency to *monotonous "sing song" habits* is often engendered by fluent connections therein, leading the mind and voice, as in measured readings, to lean upon one word until the next is reached, and thus, with suspended tones, bridging them across and producing a fusion or dovetailing of the tones, words and sentences. To avoid this is the especial end of the palpably disjointed, disconnected composition in

the exercises here given, and which may otherwise appear to the reader trivial and nonsensical.

In this form, however, the pupil will be *less likely to anticipate* the coming word, *more likely to reject* relations, and finish each as an individual term; while by ingenious arrangement we shall endeavor to effect that smooth and exact operation of vocal mechanism without which entire success is wanting.

Voice Practice on Certain Vowels.

Note.—The italicised words in exercises are chiefly the examples intended and will be found to consist not only of those embracing the vowel or element proper, but other *cognate* or *equivalent* sounds.

Italian or grave sound of A, as in far, aunt.

This sound is the simple result of dropping the jaw about half or three-fourths of an inch and emitting a pure, forceful, rapid breathing against the vocal cords, which then give forth the true elemental "*ah.*"

Ex.—Pa-*pa* *cal*ms mam-*ma*, and *au*nt com-*mands* *Char*les to cr*aun*ch the *al*-monds in the *haun*-ted p*a*ths; his *ma*-ster de-*man*-ded a h*au*nch of *par*-tridge of *fa*-ther, and *taun*-ted the *laun*-dress for s*a*lve from the ba-*na*-n*a* tree; J*ar*-vis f*a*rms s*ar*-s*a* p*a*-ril-*la* in A-mer-i-*ca*; *ma*-nil-*la* b*a*lm is a ch*a*rm to h*a*lve the qu*a*lms in *Ra*-ven-*na*; he *a*-bides in Chi-*na*, and v*au*nts to h*a*ve *saun*-tered on the a-re-*na*, to g*ua*rd the vil-*la* h*ea*rths

from mi*as'ma* and *harm*-ful ef-*flu*-via; they *flaun*-ted on the *so-fa ar*-gu-ing ps*alms*, and for-mu-*la* for *jaun*-dice in *Mec-ca* or Me-di-*na*; avaunt and run the g*aun*tlet with your in *am*-o-*ra-ta.*

SOUND OF E (short) AS IN MET, MEN, SELL, FERRY.

NOTE.—Make this sound clear and bright by very rapid action of the muscles, throwing the air suddenly into the larynx. The charm of this vowel is in the sparkling sound that rings from it, especially when preceding *l, m, n* or *s.*

Ex.—*Tell* the *demo*crat to s*e*nd his spl*en*-did *e*-quipage and l*ea*-ther *e*-phod or b*e*lt which he l*e*nt wh*en* he w*e*nt to *Ep*som: a z*ea*l-ous *le*per cl*e*nched the *de*-ficit with acetous growl, and s*e*t *ace*t-ic acid in the *ket*-tle of *eggs* which *ex*-hausted his dysp*ep*sia; g*e*t the non-pa-*reil wea*-pons for the *rec*-on-dite *he-ro*-ine; the ap-*pren*-tice for-*gets* the *shek*-els l*e*nt the d*ea*f *prel*-ate for his *heriot;* the *clean*-ly *leg*-ate h*e*ld the *tep*-id *mead*-ow for a *spe*-cial home-*stead; ster*-e-o-type the *pref*-ace to the *ten*-ets as a *prel*-ude to our *ed*-i-ble re-tro-*spec*-tions; *yes*-ter-day I g*uess*'d the *fet*-id yeast *es*-caped in *Fe*bruary with an *ep*-i-sode from the *ep*-ic into the *pet*-als of the *ped*-ants *sen*-na; the *pres*-age is im-*press'd* on his *ret*-i-na in-*stead* of the k*e*g of ph*legm*, for which he was amenable, and cleanly *sent* the cl*ean*ly clerk for cl*ean*liness where spl*en*-dor *ne*ver r*e*nt the h*ea*ven.

What! *threat* you me with *tell*-ing of the king?
Tell him and spare not! Look! what I have *said*
I will avouch in *pres'ence* of the king.

To be guilty of misspelling words is considered a disgrace to any one making pretension to education. Why should it not be as disgraceful to *mispronounce,* to worry and huddle

words together so as to make them unintelligible? Do not use these exercises as idle pastime; you will find amongst them examples and corrections of many words commonly abused. Let every syllable be made distinct. To effect this take time, and keep the voice well supplied with air.

SHORT SOUND OF I, AS IN PIN, PILL, MISS, MIRROR.

Ex.—The ser-*vile* *spir*-it of a rep-*tile* *lib*-er-*tine* is hos-*tile* to fem-i-*nine* fi-*del*-i-ty; the pu-er-*ile* *dis*-ci-p*line* of mer-can-*tile* *chi*-cane-ry, is the ar *tif*-i-cer of *mil*-i-ta-ry des-po-*tism*; the fer-*tile* *eg*-lan-*tine* is des *tin*'d for a *ju*-ve-*nile* gift; the gen-u-*ine* pro-*file* of the Cap-*tain* is the an-*tip*-o-des of *in*-di-*vis*-i-*bil*-i-ty; the wind, in the vi-*cin*-i-ty of Mount *Lib*-a-nus, is me-*dĭ'*-*ci*-nal for the *brig'*-and; the pris'-*tine* foun-*tain* of the ad-a-man'-*tine* spr*ing* is sul-*lied* with the *guil*-ty *guil'*-lo-tine; man is an ex'-quis-*ite* e-*pit*-o-me of the *in*-fi-ni*te* Di-*vin*-i-ty, and sac*rif*-i'cable at his will. Prophe*cy*, tyran*ny* and *cy*no-sure are not *syno*-*nym*s for *cyg*nets, *hys*sop and *pyr*-í-tes.

SHORT SOUND OF O, AS IN NOT, DON, ODD, BORROW.

Ex.—The *sto*l-id hy-*dro*p-a-thist was *pro*d-i-gal of his t*ro*th yet practised al*lop*-athy on all *oc*casions. The *dol*-o-rous *coll*-ier t*rod on* the br*onz*'d *ob*-e-lisk, and his *sol*-ace was a *com*-bat for *om*-e-lets made of *gor*-geous *cor*-als; the *vol*-a tile *pro*-cess of making *ros*-in *glob*-ules of *trop*-i-cal *mon*-ades is ex-*traor*-di-na-ry; the *doc*-ile Ge*o*rge for-*got* the *joc*-und c*op*se in his *som*-bre *prog*-ress to the m*o*ss br*o*th in *yon*-der tr*ough* of *knowl*-edge; bey*ond* the *flor*-id fr*o*sts of *morn*-ing are the *sop*-o-rif'-ic *prod*-ucts of the *hol*-i-days.

Section II.—Distinctness.

Let it be impressed upon the mind of the student that *distinct*, as contradistinguished from *refined* pronunciation, depends on the clear and correct enunciation of the consonant sounds in words.

First let it be clearly understood that only four consonants permit of prolonged sound. These are called the liquids, *l*, *m*, *r*, *n*, *ng*, and are strictly vocal sounds. With these exceptions the voice in good expression rests only on the vowels. All other consonants must be struck suddenly, like the attack in music, and pronounced rapidly, but fully—as example,

Sta*t*e,	Sha*p*e,	Roa*d*,	Ma*d*e,
Ho*p*e,	Li*k*e,	Bo*b*,	Bro*k*e,

In all cases avoid drawling the voice, dwelling on the consonants or permitting their fusion with the vowels. Nothing adds more to slovenliness of reading or speaking than these faults.

Take a striking instance of the abuse in one monosyllable—*and*—which assumes by mispronunciation these different shapes, at least, *an*, *en*, *un*, *nd*, *n*, thus:

Ex.—Good-*an*-bad; caus-*en*-effect; loaves-*en*-fishes, hills-*un*-groves; pen-*un*-ink, you-*nd* I, or youn-I; an-de-

said; hooks-*en*-eyes, wor-*sen*-worse, pleasure-*un*-pain; cakes-*n*-beer; roun-*d'n*-round, ol-*d'n*-young, voice-*n*-ear; bread-*en*-butter; vir-tu-*n*-vice; Jam-*zen*-John; solem-*un*-sub-lime, up-'*n*-down, pies-'*n*-cakes. *Avoid* such glaring faults, and give to each letter its appropriate sound.

READ AND SPEAK SLOWLY, not drawlingly, but with determination to sound the letters. No good speaker articulates hurriedly. Mark this. A great fault in reading is rapidity of expression, except of course in impassioned parts naturally requiring such. The more judicious deliberation given to pronunciation the more musical the voice becomes, because it has time to add the graces of speech, and will be listened to with more pleasure as well as more accurately heard at distance.

Practice as before the following exercise in middle, full tone, clearly and perfectly uttering the consonants and completing each word before entering upon another.

LABIAL SEMI-VOCAL SOUNDS OF WH—AS IN—WHEN, WHARF.
LINGUA-DENTAL " TH, SOFT, FLAT, AS IN THIS, THEN.
" " " TH, SHARP, AS IN THIN, THINK.

NOTE.—Do not sound WH as W, but utter the aspirate first, as if written HW—HWEN, HWAT.

EX.—*Why* does that *wh*imsical *wh*is-tler *wh*ee-dle the *wh*ip-poor-wills with *wh*eat? *Whi*-lom the *wh*eels *wh*ipped the *whif*-fle-tree, and *whir*-tle-ber-ries were *white*-washed

for *wh*eat; the *whim*-per-ing *whi*-ning *wh*elp, *wh*ich the *wh*igs *whi*-ten-ed on the *wh*arf was *wh*elmed into a *whirl*-i-gig as a *whim*-wham for a *wheel*-barrow of *whis*-ky. *Th*ou saidst *th*at *th*ese are *th*ine and the yo*uth*s that they are *th*eirs w*ith* which they cut the withes; *broth*-er says, *wh*ere w*ith*-al shall I smoo*th*e the sc*yth*e to cut the la*th*s to stop the mo*uth*s of the mo*th*s with-out be-ing bo*th*-ered? they gath-er wre*ath*s be-nea*th* the ba*th*s, and she*ath*e their swords w*ith* swa*th*-ing bands; a *th*irsty thief *thirst*-eth for the pa*th* of dea*th*, and win-ke*th* at his *thank*-less *th*efts, as the *a-th*e-ist do*th* of *th*e-o-*ret*-i-cal tru*ths*; for*th* with the *thrift*-less *th*rong, *th*rew *th*ongs over the mou*th* of Fri*th* or Four*th*, and *th*war-ted the wra*th* of the *thril*-ling *thun*-der; faith, quo*th* the you*th*, the ba*th* is my berth, the hear*th* is my *th*rone.

GUTTURAL and PALATAL COGNATES G. K.

SOUND OF G HARD OR GUTTURAL, before *a*, *o*, *u*, *l*, *r*, and often before *e* and *i*, as in GET, GIVE, GIFT.

EX.—A *g*iddy *g*oose *g*ot a ci-gar, and *g*ave it to a *gan-grene beggar;* Scro*g*-gins, of Brob-*dig-nag*, *g*rowls over his *g*reen-glass *gog*-gles, which the bi*g* ne-*g*ro *g*ath-er-ed from the *bog*-gy *quag*-mire; a gid-dy *gig*-gling *g*irl glides into the *grog*-ery, and gloats over the *gru*-el in the great *pig*-gin of the *rag*-ged *grand*-mother, ex-claim-ing, *dig* or *beg*, the *g*ame is *g*one to the *gib*bous moon.

Gh in a few words has this sound: The *gh*ast-ly bur-*gh*er stood a-*ghast* to see the *gh*ost of the *gh*yll, eat the *ghas*-tly-*gher*-kins in the *ghos*-tly bur*gh*.

NOTE.—*Gh* final is generally silent, as hi*gh*, ni*gh*, slei*gh*, wei*gh*, &c.; but the foreigner who attempts our tongue alone can realize their inexplicable pronunciations when preceded by certain diphthongs—as in b*ough*, p*lough*, do*ugh*, tho*ugh*, thro*ugh*, thoro*ugh*, boro*ugh*, ro*ugh*, eno*ugh*, tro*ugh*, co*ugh*, cho*ugh*, la*ugh*, ho*ugh*, sho*ugh*, to*ugh*, clo*ugh*, slo*ugh*. Learn their eight different sounds as follow:

'Tis not an easy task to show
How o-u-g-h sound:—since *though*
And ho*ugh* (ck) and l*ough* (ch) and also sl*ough* (ou)
And *cough* and *hiccough* all allow
Differ as much as *tough* and *through*
With no good reason why they do.

NOTE.—G has sometimes the *palatal sibilant* sound of ZH, which comes into our language from the French; or, perhaps, all words wherein it is thus pronounced are direct importations from that language, and not yet Anglicised.

Ex.—It was of his pro-té-*gé*, (pro-ta-*zha*) I spoke, but as you have mistaken it for pro té-*gée* your bad-i-nage (bad-e-*nazh*) does not effect the pres*tige* of the men-*age* (men-*äzh*); The *chargé d'affaires* went to the men*age*rie and put *rouge* (roozh) and gam-*boge* (boozh) on his face before the mir-*age*.

Z has generally this sound. S has it frequently. The az-ure ad-*he*-sion to the am-*bro*-sial en-*clo*-sure is a *ro*-se-ate *treas*-ure of *vis*-ions of *pleas*-ures; the *sei*-zure of the *viz*-ier is an in-*va*-sion of the *gla*-zier's di-*vi*-sions; the *ho*-sier takes the *bra*-zier's *cro*-sier with a-*bra*-sions and cor-*ro*-sions by ex-*po*-*su*re, and *treas*-ures it up without e-*lis*-ions or persua*si*on.

PALATAL COGNATES of G are K C hard, CH (hard) Q.

Ex.—*K*os-ci-us-*k*o *k*ept his *c*omrades in the *k*itch´en *c*or´ridor with the Tartar *K*han as a *ch*imer´ical *ch*ime´ra of the *Ch*an who *c*omplaisant´ly *c*on´templated the *ch*aotic *coquet*´ry of the lime-*k*iln *c*oterie who pi*qu*ed on ac*c*ount of pi*qú*ant mos*qu*es and *qu*ays in Muni*ch* practised pi*qué*t *chi*roman´cy and *chi*ron´omy despite of magna-*ch*arta and *court*ed a co*que*tté who wore the *que*ue and m*occa*sins of Louis *Qua*tôrze in *Ch*em'nitz.

SOUND OF X SOFT OR FLAT, AS GZ—EXAMPLE, EX-IST.

NOTE.—It has generally this sound when immediately

preceding the accented syllable and followed by a vowel sound or letter *h* in words of two or more syllables.

Ex.—The *ex*-iled *ex*horter is *ex-haust*-ed by his *ex-u*-berant *ex-or*-di-um, and desires to be *ex-on*-er-a-ted from *ex-am*-in-ing the *ux-o*-ri ous *ex-ec*-u-tive; an *ex*-act *ex-am*-in-a-tion into the *ex*-ag-ger-a-tions of the *aux-il*-li-aries *ex-hib*-its a *lux-u*-ri-ant ex-ile, who *ex-ist*-ed an *ex-ot*-ic in *ex*-em-pla-ry *ex*-al-*ta*-tion. The verb to *exi*le has this sound, but the substantive, exile, has not.

LABIA-DENTAL COGNATES F AND V—FIFE, VIVIFY, FIFTH.

NOTE.—There is occasional difficulty in these sounds owing to hasty pronunciation. Let the upper teeth positively strike and rest upon the lower lip in commencing each enunciation, and the difficulty vanishes.

Ex.—The ga*ffe*r li*fte*d his wife's *fa*ther from the co*ffi*n with his *fa*lchion in *Fe*bruary, and *for*ced the *fe*rrule of his *fe*rule in *fe*tid *fi*gures be*fo*re the *fa*ce of the *fu*tile *fæ*ticide. The *fu*sil (z) *fu*chsia (or fooksia) was *fa*cile proof of the *fr*eeman's *fr*anchise (z) and the *fu*gue *fle*w *fl*auntingly from his *fl*age'olet.

My lively ne*ph*ew Philip *Va*nde*va*nter beli*eves* in *va*ga´ries and *va*tic´inal *va*´rioloid. He *v*aunts to have *vi*sited the *vic*´ar and improved his *ve*lvet *va*lise with *viva*´cious *ve*rdigris (es) *ver*bose *ve*nison and *ve*hement *viril*´ity. The *vis*counts *vis*or, *vo*-luté and *vi*gnetté are *vi*rtual *ev*idence of the *vi*rtu (oo) of this *vó*-lant *vir*-tuó-so.

LABIAL COGNATES B and P.

Ex.—A ro*b*-in im-*bib*-ed *b*lu*b*-bers from a *b*ob-*b*in and *gob*-bled for *cab*-bage; the *rob*-ber *b*la*b*-bed *bar*-barous-ly, and *b*am-*boo* zled the *tab*-by *na*-bob; *Fa*-cob *dab*-bled in *rib*bons, and played *hob*-no*b* with a *cob*-ler; the *bab*-oon *ba*-by *gab*-bled its *gib*-ber-ish, and made a *hub*-bub for its *bib* and *black-b*er-ries; the *rab*-ble's *hob*-by is to *brow-b*eat the *bram*-ble *bushes* for *bil-b*erries, and *brib*e the *boo*-by of his *b*om-*bas*-tic *black-b*ird;

peo-ple put *pep*-per in *pep*-per-boxes, *ap*-ple-pies in *cup-b*oards, and wh*ap*-ping *p*ap *poo* ses in *wrap*-pers; the *hap*-py *pi*-per *p*laced his *pee-r*less *pup*-py in *Pom*-pey's *slop*-shop, to be *pur*-chased for a *p*eck of *pap*-py *p*ip-pins, or a *p*ound of *pul*-ver-iz-ed *pop*-pies.

LINGUA-DENTAL COGNATES D, T.

D HAS TWO SOUNDS. FIRST—DART, DOG, DUKE.

Ex.—A *dan*-dy de-*fraud*-ed his *dad*-dy of his *sec*-ond-hand-ed *sad*-dle, and dubbed the *had*-dock a *la* dy-bird; the *doub*-le *head*-ed *pad*-dy, *nod*-ding at *noon*-day, de-*ter*-mined to rid-dle *ted*-ded hay in the fields till *dooms*-day; the *dog*-ged *dry*-ads ad-*dict*-ed to dep-re-*da*-tions, robbed the *day*-dawn of its *dread*-ed *di*-a-dem, and erred and strayed a goo*d d*eal the down-war*d* road to a*d*-den-*d*um, an*d* they mu*st die*.

NOTE.—*D* is silent in *hand*-sel, *hand* saw, *hand*-some, *hand*-ker-chief, and the first *d* in *Wed*-nes-day. Do not give the sound of *j* to *d*; as in grand-eur, verd-ure, ed-u-cate, ob-du-rate, cred-u-lous, mod-u-late, but speak them as though written grand-yur, &c.; the same analogy prevails in na-ture, fort-une, &c. The following participles and adjectives should be pronounced without abridgment; a bless-*ed* man gives unfeign-*ed* thanks to his learn-*ed* friend, and belov-*ed* lady; some wing-*ed* animals are curs-*ed* things. Pronounce words in the Bible the same as in other books.

THE SECOND SOUND OF D IS THAT OF T; WHEN AT END OF WORDS, AFTER C, F, SS, P, Q, X, CH, AND SH.

Ex.—He curs*'d* his stuff*'d* shoe, and dip*p'd* it in poac*h'd* eggs, that esca*p'd* from the ve*x'd* cook, who watc*h'd* the spic*'d* food with arc*h'd* brow, trip*p'd* his cris*p'd* feet, and das*h'd* them on the mas*h'd* hearth; she pi*p'd* and wis*p'd* a tune for the watc*h'd* thief who jum*p'd* into the sac*k'd* pan, scratc*h'd* his blanc*h'd* face, and was eclips*'d*, cha*f'd*, pi*qued*, attac*h'd*, ta*x'd*, cas*hed* and rehashed.

NOTE.—*T* generally has this sound, yet it frequently has that of SH as in *tial*, *tious*, *tion*. In expecta*tion* of the senten*tious* nup*tials the* opti*on*al no*tion* of par*tial* pronunciation in senten*tial* ra*tio*cina*tion* struck the ra*tio* ra*tion*s of the na*tion* at the ra*tion*alé of ra*tion*al flagi*tious* retrospec*tion*. The l*it-tle tat*-ler *tit*-tered at the *taste*-ful *tea*-pot, and caught a *tempt*-ing *tar*-tar by his sa-*ti*-e-ty; the stou*t Ti*-tan took a *tell-t*ale *ter*-ma-gan*t*, and thrus*t* her agains*t* the *tot*-ter-ing to*w*-ers, for *twist*-ing the *frit*-ters; *Ti*-tus takes the *pet*-u-lan*t out*-cas*ts*, and *tos*-ses them into na-*t*ure's pas-*t*ures with the *tur*-tles; the gues*ts* of the hos*ts* at-*tract* a grea*t* deal of a*t-ten*-tion, and su*b*-sti-*tute* their *pre*-tex*ts* for *tem*-pes*ts*; the cov-e*t*-ous *part*-ner, des-ti-*tute* of *fort*-une, sta*t*es that when the s*t*eed is s*t*olen, he shu*ts* the sta-ble door, les*t* the grav-i-*ty* of his ro-*tun*-di-ty *t*ip his *tac-t*ics into non-en-*tity*.

Ex. Could I *embody* and *unbosom* now
That which is *most* within me—could I wreak
My *thoughts* upon *expression*, and thus throw
Soul, *heart*, *mind*, *passion*, *feelings* strong or weak,
All that I would have *sought*, and all I *seek*,
Bear, *know*, *feel*, and yet breathe,—into *one word*,
And *that* one word were *lightning*, I would speak!—
But—as it is—I live, and die, *unheard*,
With a most *voiceless* thought, *sheathing* it, as a sword.

SECTION III.—EASE OF ARTICULATION.

On this there needs no more be said than a recommendation to practice the exercises which, with other advantages, will give facile mobility to the vocal machinery, and upon this depends the easy delivery of word-combinations in speech.

Grave disabilities often exist, overlooked, in

each of ourselves, the simple result of imperfect development of easy muscular vocal action. The English tongue, now so polyglot, is capable of all sounds, and the student only requires patient, earnest practice of the following exercises, whose confused and mixed arrangement of consonant sounds will train the muscles to easiest action:

NOTE.—Mispronunciation, and mouthing-confusion of words may be considered worse than misspelling; for if the latter be found in manuscript or print, it may be corrected and understood, but the former, indulged in by a speaker, makes the matter often unintelligible and lost forever to the audience.

SIBILANT SOUNDS.

EX.—*Ci*cero and *Sa*llu*st*, *Sa*m *S*lick and *So*phocle*s* *s*at *s*ide-wi*s*e on *s*everal *si*nister *ce*n´-tenarie*s* and *se*squi-*ce*nten-nials, *dis*cus*s*´ing *so*ciety's pla´*ci*d *aces*´cen*cy* and dila´*ce*-rating with fa´*ci*le pin*ce*rs the *ce*ntrif´-ugal and *ce*ntrip´-etal for*ce*s which *ser*-rated the *ce*´-rated *ce*re-ments of the *se*ta-ceous and *se*to´se Sepoy. The *si*b´ilant *si*lhouette *sim*´-plifie*s* the *sin´ci*put *si*´multa´neou*s*ly with the de*s*´ultory *ce*phal´-ic *sch*ism and *se*ni´le *cer*´vine pharma*ceutists* *sarce*´-net. The *sca*´bio*us* *sc*ale´ne *sc*aramou*ch* *sc*arcely *se*clud´ed the *sc*ared *sep*´arat*ist* ere a *s*eries of *seq*´uestration*s* *sh*rieked *sh*rilly and *so*no´rou*s* for the *spin´ach* while the *suite* of His Ex*cellency* *suited* themselve*s* to the *soot* around them, and *sat* *squal*´idly *si*lent in *stu*pen´dou*s* *squa*´lor with pharma*ceu*´tic *cer*´ebrum.

LINGUA-PALATAL SOUNDS OF R.—SMOOTH AND ROUGH.

About the pronunciation, or rather non-pronunciation of this letter, there is a singular in-

difference. The prevalence to suppress, eliminate or absolutely rub this letter out of words would scarcely find credence with the untraveled enquirer. In many of our States, especially the Southern, they allow it no existence, *unconsciously* pronouncing war, car, far, door, four, etc., as if written waw, caw, faw, dō, fō, etc, and it is hard to convince them that they do so.

NOTE.—TO MAKE THIS SMOOTH SOUND of *r* pronounce the word *farm* and dwell on the *r—far*-m. You will find the tongue moves upwards toward the palate (see 6, page 18). Then backward as the sound proceeds. A little practice, observing this movement, will repair its most inveterate abuse. Commence the sound deep in the throat.

Ex.—The far-mers in for-mer years were the far-thest from for-cing war, re-gar´-ding it as bar´-ba-rous and far´-ci-cal; the *North*-ern-ers are *gar*-blers of *hard*-ware and pe*rver*-ters of the *er*-rors of *South*-ern-ers; di*re search*-ers af-ter burnt *ar*-bors, and store the *cor*-ners of their *lar*-ders with di-*vers* sorts of dol´-*lars*; Charles goes to the *far*-ther b*arn*, and gets *lar*-ger e*ars* of h*ard* c*orn* for the *car*-ter's *hor*-ses in Baltimore *har*bor.

NOTE.—THE ROUGH OR TRILLED SOUND OF R must not be used except in emotional reading or speaking, and then only when it is followed by a vowel generally in the same syllable. Under other conditions it is *rant* and improper.

Some find it difficult at first to trill the *r*. It is simply done by sending up the air with force, striking the tongue as it rises and causing the tip to vibrate against the roof of the mouth, or forepart of the hard palate—page 18, fig. 6. For practice try rub, r-r-ub, r-r-r-ub, r-r-r-r-r-ub, bur-r-r-r-r-r.

Ex.—With *ran*corous *rai*llery the *ro*aring *re*probate *re*verber*a*tes his *rib*aldry and ret*rea*ts from his *re*gal th*r*one to his *rec*-re-a-tion in the *rook*-e-ry; the op-*pro*-bri-ous li-*bra*-ri-an, *rec*-re-ant-ly th*r*ew the *gr*eat *grid*-i-ron among the *crock*-e-ry with ir-re-*proach*-a-ble ef-*front*-ery; the re-sult of which were *ro*-man-tic *dr*eams, *br*ok-en *rib*s, or *cry* ing children; *ro*und and *ro*und the *rug*-ged *ro*ck, the *rag*-ged *ras*-cal *dra*gs the *str*ong *rhi*-noc-e-ros, while a *rat* in a *rat*-trap *ran* through the *rai*n on a *rail*, with a *ra*w lump of *red liv*-er in its mouth. The *ri*ven *ro*cks are *rude*ly *rent* asunder, and the *rift*ed *tr*ees *rush* along the *riv*er, while hoa-*ry* bo-*re*-as *r*ends the *rob*es of spring, and *rat-tli*ng thunder *ro*ars *arou*nd the *re*-gions.

Mixed Articulations.

Note.—Let pupil pronounce slowly with a breath taken between each word, and expended on succeeding word; then after a while more rapidly, still breathing between, and continue practice until all can be pronounced easily and fluently in conversational tones, with natural breathing, full and forceful.

Ex.—Rifles, dazzl'd, sparkl'd, mingl'd, rattl'd, troubl'st, trifl'st, shov'lst, kindl'st, struggl'st, puzzl'st, trampl'st, shield'st, trembl'dst, revolv'st, and shov'ldst, ended'st, madden'd, kindl'dst, trifl'dst, trampl'dst, involv'dst, mingl'dst, stiff'ns, twinkl'dst, wak'ns, fondl'dst, dazzl'dst, rattl'dst, deaf'n'd, wak'n'd, whit'ns, rip'n'd, opens, sendst, wak'n'dst, lighten'dst, charm'dst, ripen'dst, hearken'dst, doom'dst, or absorbst strength'ns, regard'st, madd'n'dst, curb'dst, hurl'dst, return'dst, strength'nd, wrong'dst, lengthen'dst, struggle'dst, act'st, lift'st, melt'st, hurt'st, want'st, shout'st, touch'd, parch'd, help'dst, tasks, bark'dst, touch'dst, rattl'st, bursts, grasps, prompt'st, mists, bask'st, nestl'st, de*pths*, enlist'st, droo*p'st*, ade*pts*, *fifths*, lau*ghst*, lessenst, ra*fts*, prism, puzzles, overwhelm'st, loo*kst*, po*sts*, fa*cts*, elms, bulbs, wolves, involved, buds, a*sps*, de*sks* and cubed, icebergs, lands, arms, sa*tst*, pa*tched* with

forms of horns, webs, lodged, loo*k'st*, a*cts*, texts, he*lp'st*, twe*lfths*, mi*lk'st*, ha*lt'st*, fi*lched*, li*mp'st*, atte*mptst*, charm'st, preci*ncts*, and scornst, a*rch'd*, wa*nt'st*, fli*nched*, thi*nkst*, bu*rsts*, wa*rp'st*, dwa*rf'st*, emba*rk'st*, hu*rlst*, wo*rk'st*.

THESE EXERCISES are no doubt irksome to the aimless or careless student, and by such will possibly not be followed; but to him who is in earnest and has direct object, their prosecution for some few months will mark his success so positively that his thoughts will revert through life with gratitude and pleasure to the time spent therein. These facts are written as experienced truths seen in the past of a life, through which, looking back, the writer would not forego, as amateur, the pleasures thus secured for any of the many that literature has granted. Let the student persevere.

Ex.—Thou wa*ft'd'st* the rickety skiff over the mountain height cliffs; and clearly *saw'st* the full orb'd moon, in whose silvery and effulgent light, thou ree*f'd'st* the haggled sails of the ship-wrecked vessel on the rock-bound coast of Kam-*scat*-ka. Thou *wreath'd'st* and *muzzl'd'st* the *far-fetch'd* ox, and *imprison'd'st* him in the volcanic Mexican mountain of Pop-o-*cat*-a-pe*tl* in Co-ti-*pax*-i. Thou *prob'd'st* my *rack'd ribs* and *trifl'd'st* with his *acts*, that thou *black'n'st* and *contaminated'st* with his filch'd character. Thou *lov'd'st* the elves when thou *heard'st* and *quick'n'st* my heart's tuneful harps. Thou *wagg'd'st* thy pro*p'd* up head, because thou *thrust'd'st* three hundred and thirty-three thistles thro' the thick of that thumb, that thou cu*r'd'st* of the bar*b'd* shafts.

Section IV.—Elegance of Articulation.

This may be considered the sum of all the others,—correctness, distinctness, ease—supplemented by smoothness, grace and finish, which reasonable perfection in the former only can effect.

With this must be exactness of accentuation, clear, fluent enunciation of vowels in their syllabic relations, and an avoidance of that careless, slovenly, slipshod dismemberment and mutilation of words so much more common than we think, until we begin to give it special attention.

Too much cannot be urged in this regard, and if elocution, or reform in reading, speaking, etc., were to be confined to one act; if the pupil were to be limited to one direction; *that* direction should be, *consult more diligently your dictionary;* scan more carefully the accents, diacritic-marks, etymology, definitions, and faithfully *attend to the pronunciations* and *instructions* therein given.

This would be the best elocution that could be performed in *one act*, and it is a performance rarely put upon *any stage*.

In furtherance of the important work of this section, let the student thoroughly consider the following *cautions*, which are the result of care-

ful experience, and whose remedies will be found based upon and adapted from highest authorities.

MEMORABILIA.

A VERY COMMON and vicious error is the strained habit of giving to A and THE, when used as unemphatic words, the long vowel sound. Avoid it.

THE FORMER is the first word *overlooked* in your dictionary, and of it Webster there writes: "When used *emphatically* as a noun or article it is pronounced *a* (long); but whenever it occurs as an *unemphasized word* its regular sound is that of *a* in *far*, somewhat shortened."

OF THE LATTER—THE—"When this word *stands alone* or as *emphasized* it is pronounced like the pronoun *thee;* but before a word beginning with a vowel it is pronounced *thi*, or nearly so, and *thu* before a word beginning with a consonant sound."

If educated men who often make this mispronunciation would hear themselves as others hear them they would surely check the habit. There is no authority for it.

ANOTHER very common error is to confound WITH and WITHE. The former, a preposition, must be pronounced WITH, giving *th* the subtonic sound, as *th* in *this*.

WITHE is the substantive, and by all good authorities pronounced with the *atonic* sound of th, as in *th*in.

THE INATTENTION to faithful pronunciation of many monosyllables, such as OF, ON, FOR, FROM, AND, NOT, NOR, IT, OR, GOD, is a great blemish in our speech, and the whole of the above occur so frequently, scarcely a sentence without one, that they mar the general pronunciation and grace of expression much more than we at first believe. The difference in character of some sentences, where they lie thickly studded, is amazing when read correctly and incorrectly.

NOTE.—Many errors are perpetrated from want of thought, early or careless habits, bad instruction, etc. Such is not excuse for the *scholar*. They should be avoided and reformed. Let teachers take note and guide those committed to their charge.

DO NOT PRONOUNCE *el* like *il*, nor *et* like *it*, nor *est* like *ist;* as cru´*il* for cru´*el*, bas´k*it* for bas´k*et*, for´*ist* for for´*est*.

Fu´*el*, du´*el*, bush´*el*, y*et*, g*et*, mar´k*et*, hatch´*et*, rack´*et*, rock´*et*, riv´u*let*, hon´*est*, bold´*est*, larg´*est*, small´*est*, young´*est*, strong´*est*.

DO NOT PRONOUNCE *ess* like *iss;* as good´*niss* for good´*ness*, bold´*niss* for bold´*ness*.

Hard´*ness*, bad´*ness*, harm´*less*, care´*less*, clear´*ness*, ful´*ness*, seam´*stress*, host´*ess*, em´*press*.

DO NOT PRONOUNCE *ed* like *id* or *ud;* as *unit´id* or unit´*ud* for unit´*ed*, provid´*id* or provid´*ud* for provid´*ed*.

Rest´*ed*, resid´*ed*, decid´*ed*, regard´*ed*, exhibit´*ed*, cel´ebrat*ed*, excit´*ed*, delight´*ed*, support´*ed*.

DO NOT PRONOUNCE *ent* like *unt*, nor *ence* like *unce;* as si´*lunt* for si´*lent*, sen´*tunce* for sen´*tence*.

Pronounce pru´*dent*, de´*cent*, mo´*ment*, gar´*ment*, mon´*ument*, gov´ern*ment*, superintend´*ent*, par´lia*ment* (par´liment), six´*pence*, pa´*tience*, expe´*rience*, superintend´*ence*, magnifi´*cence*, senti´*ment*.

DO NOT INSERT the sound of short *u* before a final *m;* as *hel´um* for *helm*, *chas´um* for *chasm*.

Pronounce sp*asm*, wh*elm*, rhy*thm*, phan´*tasm*, bap´*tism*, pa´triot*ism*, *elm*, *film*, overwh*elm´*, wo*rm*.

NOTE.—It will be found that the most defective consonantal pronunciations are *generally* made upon final syllables ending in d, t, r, s, therefore have a care in their enunciation.

DO NOT OMIT the sound of *d* when preceded by *l* or *n;* as fie*ld*, frie*nd*, nor the terminations *nds*, *lds*, as

wi*lds*, not wilz, fie*lds*, not felz. The neglect of these final letters adds much to graceless reading and vulgarity of speech.

Ex.—Sta*nd*, the grou*nd's* your own, a*nd* with strong ha*nds* ho*ld* and defe*nd* the fie*ld* against all dema*nds*, for on such depe*nds* the la*nds* and fie*lds* your gra*nd*sires bo*ld*ly not bli*nd*ly but from ha*nd* to ha*nd* have he*ld*. The chi*ld's* gra*nd*mother sco*lds* the bo*ld*ness of the o*ld* nurse who had not to*ld* of the sca*lds* which she beho*lds*.

BE CAREFUL to pronounce the final sounds of *t*, *ct*, *cts*, *sts;* as ex*act*ly, not ex*ack*ly, per*fect*ly, not perfe*ck*ly, ac*ts*, not ac*ks*, fac*ts*, not fac*ks*, pe*sts*, not pe*s's*, ho*sts*, not ho*s's*.

Ex.—It is a fa*ct* that he ac*ts* ex*act*ly in all respe*cts* as if those he acco*sts* with his je*sts* about gho*sts* were po*sts*, and he abstra*ct*ly boa*sts* of compa*cts* and tra*cts* which he instru*cts* his ho*st* to inspe*ct*, while in his fi*sts* he attempts to twi*st* the li*sts* and insi*sts* that coa*sts* are co*sts*.

DO NOT SUPPRESS the sound of *e* or of *i* before *l* or *n* in those words in which it should be articulated; as *lev'l* for *lev'el*, *civ'l* for *civ'il*, *kitch'n* for *kitch'en*, *lat'n* for *lat'in*. Such is regarded as a vulgarism.

Pronounce trav'*el*, nov'*el*, bar'*rel*, par'*cel*, hov'*el*, chap'*el*, quar'*rel*, sor'*rel*, pen'*cil*, chick'*en*, lin'*en*, sud'*den*, mit'*ten*, sat'*in*.

The following are nearly or quite all the words of this kind in which the *e* is properly *omitted*, before *l*, viz: barbel, betel, chattel, drazel, drivel, easel, grovel, hazel, mangel-wurzel, mantel, mispickel, mussel, navel, ousel, ravel, rivel, scovel, shekel, shovel, shrivel, snivel, swingel, swivel, teasel, toggel, towsel, weasel, and, according to a few orthoëpists, model.

DO NOT SOUND *e* or *i* before *n* or *l* in those words in which it is properly silent; as *e'ven* for *e'vn*, *heav'en* for *heav'n*, *ba'sin* for *bas'n*, *haz'el*, for *haz'l*, *e'vil* for *e'vl*.

Pronounce ha′ven, sev′en, gold′en, o′pen, short′en, wood′en, wak′en, wid′en, fro′zen.

DENTAL SIBILANT COGNATES C, Z, X, S.

NOTE.—There are three words in our language end-in *ice*—sice, suffice, sacrifice—in which, *only*, the *c* takes the sound of z. These form unnecessary difficulties, are comparatively unknown to the masses, and even to scholars. As they are so few in number, and unsupported by any principle or etymological necessity—not even useful to distinguish noun from verb—they had better give way to uniform analogy; but are noted here, with their compounds, in authorized pronunciations. There are some others of different endings, as follow:

EX.—While playing at s*ice*, he d*isc*erned a sacri*fice*, d*isc*erning which suffi*ce*d to d*isc*ernably surprise the sacri*fice* itself on the altar of sacri*fice*. The sacri*fic*er d*isc*erns as matter of d*isc*ernment amongst d*isc*ernable things that these are all the words sacrifi*c*ing the sound of *c* to z, and that suffi*ce*th.

S AND X HAVE FREQUENTLY THIS SOUND OF Z.

The re*s*ident pre*s*ident re*s*ided in i*s*olated hou*se*s; and before re*s*igning the Key*s* of Islam*i*sm, h*is* pain*s* from na*s*al cau*se*s, d*is*armed h*is* greasy friend*s* who d*is*bursed his mean*s* and d*is*dained to d*is*gu*is*e their d*is*mal phize*s*, or to d*is*band the p*is*mires which re*s*umed their bu*s*iness in the gri*s*ly beards of Xenophon and Xerxes.

DO NOT GIVE TO THE ITALIAN A when unaccented the sound of short *u*; as *ubasé* for *abasé*, *urousé* for *arousé*.

NOR TO LONG E, when unaccented, the sound of short *u*; as *uvent′* for *event′*, *soci′uty* for *soci′ety*.

NOR TO LONG O, when unaccented, the sound of short *u*; as *ubey′* for *obey′*, *prupose′* for *propose′*.

NOR TO SHORT O, when unaccented, the sound of short *u;* as *ubscure'* for *obscure*, *cummit'tee* for *commit'tee.*

Ex.—They *ab*ated and *ab*ridged the f*a*n*a*tic char*a*c*t*er in which the report *ab*ounds, and *am*used themselves by *tra*ducing and agg*ra*vating *s*oci*e*ty with a vari*e*ty of impi*e*ties and *e*motional *e*vents which pr*o*voked and pr*o*moted *o*pinions *oc*casionally *op*posed to sobri*e*ty. He *ob*served and *o*beyed the *con*ditions, *com*posing in *o*bedience the *a*bove mel*o*dy, for which the *co*m-mittee in its anxi*e*ty p*ro*posed to *pro*vide *p*osition.

GIVE TO THE VOWEL *a* in the unaccented terminal syllables *al*, *ant*, *ance*, its short sound, but *do not make it too prominent*—pe'dal, ped'al, ped'ant.

Ex.—A petul*ant* sycoph*ant* flag*rant*ly ignor*ant* of nation*al* or polit'*ical* ordin*an*ce made signific*ant*, coven*ant* with the tyr*ant* for eter*nal*, fin*al* vengeance on the admir*al*, whose comic*al* funer*al* from the hospit*al* was an inst*ance* of dissonant extravag*an*ce or crimi*nal* deliver*ance.*

BY NO MEANS GIVE the drawling sound *aoo* for *ou;* as *caoo* for *cow*, *haoos* for *house.*

Ex.—How many conf*ou*nd the s*ou*nd of *ou* with a mixture of Italian *a* and *oo*, uttering ar*a*oond instead of ar*ou*nd, also ab*a*oot in lieu of ab*ou*t, pron*ou*ncing also t*a*oon for t*ow*n, f*a*oond for f*ou*nd, p*a*oond for p*ou*nd, until the s*ou*nds h*ow* and n*ow* and sh*ou*t and r*ou*t s*a*oond nothing like their proper s*ou*nd. The c*ou*nt feeds his h*ou*nds with tr*ou*t that ab*ou*nd ar*ou*nd his gr*ou*nds in the c*ou*nty, which the c*ou*ncil in official g*ow*ns c*ou*nted and f*ou*nd as b*ou*ndless as lands of the cr*ow*n, ranging in th*ou*sands up and d*ow*n.

Noiselessly as the *spring time*
Her cr*ow*n of verdure *weaves*,
And all the *trees* on all the hills
Open their th*ou*sand leaves,—
So, with*ou*t s*ou*nd of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently d*ow*n from the m*ou*ntain cr*ow*n
The great procession swept.

DO NOT SOUND *sh* like *sr;* as *srub* for *shrub*, *srink* for *shrink*.

Ex.—The *shriv*eled *shrun*ken *shrew* *shr*ieked *shr*illy for *shr*imps and *shr*ub at *shr*ovetide, and *shr*ugging her shoulders *shr*ank down before the *shr*ine *shr*ewdly showing the *shr*eds of her *shr*iving *shr*oud.

DO NOT SUPPRESS the vowel sounds in unaccented syllables; as *ev'ry* for *ev'er-y*, *his'try* for *his'to-ry*.

Ex.—*Sal'*a-ry is not *cel'*e-ry, and *mem*-o-ry from *his*-to-ry collects the *des'*pe rate *mis*-e-ry which *ev*-e-ry *vic*-to-ry *per*-haps has caused in *ev*ery *so* ci-e-ty and *fam'*-i-ly where *pri*-ma-ry *cer*-e-mony *or*-din-ar-ily made *nom'*-in-atives of *ad'*jec-tives *pri*-ma-rily *scat*-ter-ing in *mock'*ery the *crock*-ery in the *li'*-bra-ry *con'*-tra-ry to all pro-*pri'*-e-ty.

DO NOT PRONOUNCE *o-w* like *ur* or *uh;* as *hol'lur* or *hol'luh* for *hol'low*, *shad'ur* or *shad'uh* for *shad'ow*.

Ex—I intend to-mor*row* to borr*ow* the yel*low* wheel-bar*row* from that fel*low* who hol*low'*ed or halloo'ed for the wi*dow*'s pil*low* and threw his sha*dow* on the nar*row* fur*row*. The sor*row*ful swal*low* was swal*low*ed by the mel*low* cr*ow* sitting on the b*ow* win*dow*.

A COMMON FAULT is too much stress on unaccented syllables or on a syllable having a secondary accent; as *pri'ma'ry* for *pri'mary*, *prima'rily* for *pri'marily*, *cere-mo'ny* for *cer'emony*.

Ex.—I give my *tes'*timony that this word and *ter'*ritory, *prom'*issory, *mat'*rimony and *cer'*emony are *or*di'narily and imp*r*operly pronounced testimo'ny, promisso'ry, matrimo'ny and ceremo'ny, while *or'*dinary, *pri'*mary, *pri'*marily, *sec'*ondary and *sec'*ondarily are more frequently than correctly pronounced ordina'ry, ordina'-rily, prima'ry, prima'rily, seconda'ry and seconda'rily.

DO NOT SOUND *tion* or *sion* like *shin*, nor too strongly like *shon*, but give to such endings the clear, short, bright sound of *shun*, the vowels taking the short *u* sound as of *o* in *son*, *done*, *money*.

Ex.—His pre'dilec*tion* for ele-gi'ac exhorta'*tion* was a heinous derelic'*tion* and caused great destruc*tion*. The realiza*tion* of his resigna*tion* and renuncia*tion* made portentous exclama*tion* throughout the na*tion* to which in his pas*sion* for rec'-re-a-*tion* he had given re'crea*tion* without trep'ida-*tion*.

NOTE.—Avoid a hurried utterance, and every thing like faltering, whining, mincing, drawling, sleepy, unvaried, monotonous, artificial, formal, pompous, heavy, theatrical, self-complacent manner. Read and speak in clear, flexible, sonorous, bold, forceful, open, brilliant, sparkling tones as the sentiment may demand.

Ex.—With deep affec*tion* and recollec*tion*

I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild, would, in days of childhood,
Fling 'round my cradle their magic spells.

He was an unamiable, disres*pect*ful, incom*mu*nicative, disin*gen*uous, *for*midable, un*man*ageable, in*to*lerable and pusil*lan*imous old bachelor. *Get* the lat*est* amen*ded* edit*ion* of Archimédes or Thu*cyd*-i-des, and study the colonist's best inter*ests*, holding him amenable for tyrannic attempts against the cardi*nal*.

O there are *hours*, aye *moments*, that contain
Feelings that *years* may pass and never bring.

I would *never kneel* at a gilded *shrine*,
To *worship* the idol—*gold:*
I would never *fetter* this *heart* of mine,
As a *thing*—for *fortune* sold:
But—I'd bow—to the *light* th't *God* hath given,
The *nobler* light—of *mind;*
The *only* light, save that of—*Heaven*,
That should free-will *homage find.*

CHAPTER V.

DEFECTS OF VOICE.

Section I.—Nasal Tones.

The office of the nasal cavities in phonation is to give increased intensity to upper partial tones —fig. 2, page 18. Consisting as these cavities do of a number of small channels,—three on each side,—which have little intercommunication, nasal sounds proper are high and shrill, so that when the voice sounds fully in the nose the fundamental note is impoverished and nearly drowned by the predominance of the high partial tones. Hence the well-known "twang" or discord, *the high nasal tone*, so disagreeable in speech and utterly ruinous to singing.

These nasal harmonics are, however, of real value when properly controlled, and a due proportion must generally be present to add brilliancy and variety to vocal timbre, particularly words containing *m*, *n*, *ng*, so frequently occurring in our speech and making true musical accompa-

niment to harsher notes. To obtain the pleasant blending and avoid excess of nasal tones, should, therefore, be a strong desideratum of the pupil.

THE EXISTENCE OF UNDUE AND OFFENSIVE nasal tone, so common in many parts of this continent, is consequent upon a sluggish condition of the uvula, and its cure or eradication must depend upon proper exercise, invigorating or strengthening the muscles of those parts, so as to remove the cause. It will be easily seen from what has been shown above that when the uvula is lax or sluggish in its action, hanging too low or too long over the root of the tongue, abnormal conditions of voice must ensue—fig. 14, page 18. The column of air from the larynx which should find direct projection from the mouth is arrested in its upward movement, divided or separated in its entirety, and only part of it finds passage outward, while part is thrown back upon the pharynx and upwards into the nasal cavity or chambers. The nasal ducts being unable to carry the *surcharge* through the nostrils it returns, and irregularly mingling with the still outrushing air, creates therewith a confusion in the resonance cavities of the pharynx, mouth, eustachian tubes, etc., as well as interfering

with and dulling the vibrations of the vocal cords; just as a sheet of paper or foreign substance, however light, would effect the vibrations of a piano string if thrown upon it. This rumbling and confusion of sound, affecting the vocalized air in its articulated condition, is the "nasal twang" complained of. The common idea of this is that it is the result of speaking through the nose, which is quite erroneous. The proof of this is instantly present by the simple act of pinching the nose between the fingers while speaking, thus closing the possibility of emitting sounds therefrom; and the experiment shows an unmistakable nasal twang. Thus, then, like many popular errors, this "nasal twang," or speaking through the nose, is a misnomer, begetting its name after the manner of the Latin etymological paradox—*lucus a non lucendo.* It is called "speaking through the nose" because the speech does not *get* through the nose.

AND NOW THE REMEDY. The true use of this pendulous and mobile organ, the soft palate and uvula, is to cut off communication between the upper part of the pharynx and the nasal cavity during vocalization. To effect this purpose, its muscles, when properly controlled, draw it up-

wards and backwards till it meets, or nearly meets the back wall of the pharynx—fig. 15, page 18—of allowing no more air in that direction than the nasal ducts can accommodate; and a still sufficient opening to permit of the nasal resonance necessary to the brilliancy or sparkle, which, as its function, it supplies to the lower tones.

Properly directed exercises and judicious practice will in a short time give the pupil such control of this member that by the same will-power which sets in motion any other muscle, or set of muscles, he will have the ability to remove the pendent obstruction, and the odious nasal sounds shall no more be heard.

For this purpose practice freely the following exercises, forcing the column of air *strongly* through the glottis, bracing well the muscles and letting due proportion of voice find its passage through the nasal ducts. Let the pupil practice until he can clearly distinguish the brightness and sparkle of the nasal sounds in the *n*, *m*, and *ng*.

LINGUA-PALATAL AND NASAL SOUND—N.

Ex.—The sp*len*dor shines on *end*less *elm*s and hangs in *dense*ness on the *enchant*ed *haun*ts *whence* the *en*gaging du*enna* s*en*ds *con*diments to non-resid*ents* and *en*listed *mem*bers of the *conven*tion, where *men* made *mum*-mies of *gam*-mon, and *moon*-beams of *gum*-my am-

mo-ni-a, for a pre-mi-*um* on som-*nam*-bu-lism; *mind*, *man*-ners and mag-na-*nim*-i-ty a-*mal*-ga-mate *em*-blems for an *om*-ni-um *gath*-er-um; the malt-*man* cir-cum-*am*-bu-lates the *cim*-me-ri-*an ham*-mock, and *tum*-bles the *mur*-mur-*ing mid*-ship-*man* into a *mam*-mi-*form* di*lem*-ma.

NOTE.—We sometimes make mistakes through an excessive precision, giving always the same sound to letters without considering their varied combinations. As example, *n* has frequently the sound of *ng*, where we labor to pronounce it *n*, as *bang*-quet, not *ban*-quet. This occurs chiefly when it is in the accented syllable and stands before hard *c*, hard *g*, *k*, *q* or *x*.

NASAL-PALATAL—NG.

EX.—*Con*-gress *con*-quers the *strang*-ling *don*-key, and *sanc*-tions the *lank con*-clave in *punc-til*-ious *con*-course; the *san*-guine *un*-cle, *anx*-ious to *lin*-ger much *long*-er a*mong* the *tink*-ling in-gots, *jin*-gles his *rin*-kled *fin*ger over the *lin*-guist's *an*-gu-lar shr*unk* sh*anks* at the b*an*-quet in the *bank*; in cultiva*ting* and *strength*-en-ing the un-der-*stand-ing*, by *stud*-y-ing, *read*-ing, *wri*-ting, *cy*-pher-*ing* and speak-*ing*, I am *think*-ing of con-*tend*-ing for go-*ing* to *sing*-ing meet-*ing;* in re-*lin*-quish-*ing* your *stand*-ing in the crisp-*ing* fry-*ing* pan, by jump-*ing o*-ver the *wind*-ing rail-*ing*, you may be sail-*ing* on the boil-*ing o-cean*, where the *limp-ing* her-*ring* are skip-*ping* and *danc-ing* around *some-thing* that is laugh-*ing* and cry-*ing*, sleep-*ing* and wa-*king*, lov-*ing* and smi-*ling*.

NOTE —The following is one of the best possible exercises for the purpose here contemplated as well as for general voice culture and must be frequently used, with strong action of the abdominal muscles.

ON DIPHTHONGS, OU and OW, as in BOUND, TOWN, NOW;
" OI and OY as in BOIL, TOIL, BOY, COIL.

EX.—He *toil*ed and m*oil*ed and f*ou*nd no j*oy;* then b*oil*ed the *oil* and br*oil*ed the *boy* in s*our* all*oy;* and yet the *cow*ard f*ou*nd

not p*ow*er to cry a*roi*nt thee, *noi*sy *o*wl; the *crow*ded *hou*se *down* whose *aco*ustic halls the *joi*nted *joi*sts were *soi*led with *noi*some *oi*l contained a *bow*er in which the *giao*ur ens*hrou*ded in *pow*er, en*dow*ed the *Cou*nt's *prow*ess and *boun*d the *row*els on his re*now*ned *coun*sellor, whose *cow bow*ed *down* de*voutly* and de*vou*red *sauer-kraut* with a d*row*sy *mou*se on the *mon*ntain.

SOUNDS OF A SHORT—as in MAN, LAD, CARRY.
" A LONG BEFORE R—FARE, BEAR, PAIR.

*Char*ity for*bade* the m*a*n to qu*aff* or *chaff* *a*t the l*a*ds h*a*t th*a*t h*a*d bl*a*ck t*a*ssels *atta*ched to the *ba*nd. He *ha*d a *ha*ndful of *as*p*a*ragus, *a*nd *a ba*rrel of *ap*ples in th*a*t *ba*rrow, which h*a*d s*a*t in the g*ra*nary since J*a*nuary l*a*st, and the charlat*a*n ch*a*peron chatted of pendent pen*dants*, eman*a*nt from eminent masters The *ca*ptious *ca*puchins who *sa*te there *ad*ding p*a*raphs b*a*rely received the f*a*re which f*air*ly was the*ir*s, and *da*red not in des*pair* offer a p*ray*er for a larger sh*a*re The f*air*y p*air* c*har*ily prep*ar*ed their l*air* in f*air*y land, and sc*ar*city was sc*ar*cely ever there. The *fair* spoken, but c*are*-worn f*air*-one f*air*ly rent the *air*, and g*ar*ish eyes out-st*ar*ed the g*ar*ishness of gl*ar*ing gl*ar*iness.

No further exercises need be added here as the tendency of all, especially those under *force, pure tone* and *orotund,* is to eradicate this offensive defect.

SECTION II.—STUTTERING.

This disorder, technically named *psellism,* though differing widely from stammering, is popularly confounded therewith and used synonymously even by educated people. It is, how-

ever, much more complicated, and its physiological relations more embarrassing. Yet, where no physical, organic disability exists it easily yields to intelligent treatment.

Notwithstanding its study from the days of Hippocrates to the present, its originating causes are not well ascertained. In many cases dating from infancy it appears to be organic. Numbers date from convalescence after measles, fever, whooping cough, etc. Many are hereditary; some result from imitation or mocking others; some from ill-usage at schools; and very many are quite unaccountable. The relative proportion as to the whole population is less, however, than *one in three thousand,* and in females not half so prevalent as in males. Like other experiments in science, its treatment has been various, often claiming surgical aid. Of this, now rarely resorted to, it will not be expected to treat here; and we shall confine ourselves to the mechanical and gymnastic or physiologic remedies which alone are effective for our purpose. It is pretty well ascertained that stuttering was the prevailing difficulty with Demosthenes, and his remedy of the pebbles and similar appliances has been advised by many.

In fact, as a means of developing, strengthening, supporting and giving flexibility to muscles of the tongue, whose defective action is often cause of imperfect utterance and pronunciation, the pebble exercise still contains as much good sense as most of the mechanical experiments attempted.

Confirmed cases of this disorder exhibit spasmodic stoppages of articulation, accompanied by convulsive muscular winking of the eyes, contortions of the limbs, face and features in obstructed utterance; also rapid reiterations of syllables or letters, generally explosive consonant sounds, with a palpable lack of breath to complete the words.

The most careful and important investigations have determined that *psellism* may be the consequence of imperfect action of any one or more of five different groups of muscles, viz: 1. The muscles of the chest; 2, of the larynx; 3, of the tongue; 4, of the jaw; 5, of the lips; and these may be separated or combined. Additional causes may be also a mental influence, a nervous derangement, a momentary want of co-ordination between nerves and the muscles of speech, which intercepts volitional concerted action of the vocal organs. Sometimes it is a *spasmodic* action of these muscles, under which they take a rigid, fixed position.

Or again, *choreic*, when, instead of normal action and against the will, they execute a series of temporary, rapid, automatic and eccentric movements destructive of connected utterance; but of all the prevailing causes it is concluded that the action of the chest and lungs is mainly at fault. The former by irregular muscular contraction collapses, rapidly expelling the air from the latter through the open glottis, and thus instead of breath being economized for necessities of speech, it becomes occasionally exhausted before articulation has commenced; hence the nervous gasping and breathless effort of the speaker. He begins too late; the supply of air, to strike the vocal cords into vibration, is wanting, and no voice can be made until the lungs, replenished, furnish power. Nervousness and other causes mentioned combine to make this action habitual; hence, like any other habit, it becomes the quasi-normal condition of the speaker, and stuttering is established as a grievous defect.

It will be manifest from what has been said that this is a somewhat complex affection, requiring intelligent judgment in its diagnosis and subsequent treatment. Yet viewed from above standpoints, its remedy is obvious and comparatively

simple under the following process, which the author has found eminently successful.

MAKE THE STUDENT INTELLIGENTLY FAMILIAR with the Physiology of Voice and Breathing, chaps. II and III, so that he may properly understand his exercise. Then insert between the front teeth a small wedge about three-quarters of an inch in length, to keep the mouth fairly open. Select such exercises as will compel and facilitate breathing, *e.g.* pages 170–171, and let him practise thereon, breathing freely always between every syllable or word,—and delivering each in full expulsive or explosive form,—*beating time of each movement* with hand or foot, while clearly articulating each sound.

After about twenty minutes exercise thus let him attempt the declamation of some strongly rhythmic prose or well marked metrical verses, requiring full orotund quality of voice. Let him be careful before commencing to take always a full inspiration and watch at every pause that he does not omit to replenish the lungs with air for that paid out. See that he faithfully observe all pauses and never speak more than four or five words without taking breath. Use the following as an exercise, taking breath at every separating mark.

Ex.—To bè–or n´ot–to be;–that-is the question\:
Whether–'t is nobler–in the mind–to suffer´
The slings–and arrows–of outrageous fórtune´—
Or–to take arms–against a sea–of troubles,
And–by opposing´–end\ them?—To diè;–to sleep\;
Nò mòre;-and–by a sleèp´–to say–we end
The heàrt–àche´–and–the thousand–natural shocks
That flesh–is heir to,–'t is a consummation
Devoutly-to be wished.-To díe;–to sléep;-
To sleep´;–perchance to dréam—ay\, there 's the rùb;
For–in that sleep of death–what dreams may *come*
(When–we have shuffled off–this mortal coil)
Must–give us paùse:-there 's the respect
That makes–calamity–of so long life\.

It will be found that the rhythmic or metrical voice action is for some time necessary, and that the movements of the arms, hands or feet in concert with speech are essential, as such divert the attention and help to banish that nervous timidity which so strongly interferes with volition and easy organic action.

Hence, as soon as possible let the student learn to declaim selections with *applied gestures*, which may be made for the time redundant and strong; bearing constantly in mind the regular and properly directed breathing, without which all must fail. The intelligent teacher will of course distinguish between treatment required in various cases and the class of exercise to be selected; but as a whole the general treatment which covers

nearly all cases and has entirely superseded surgical operations, now almost obsolete, may be summarized as follows:

I. True practice in *breathing*, Chap. III, with occasional regular whispering exercises.
II. Intelligent use of the wedge between the teeth and proper exercises to energize, support and raise the tongue towards the palate in its action.
III. Economical retention of breath; a regular, slow exactitude in its emission, with correct exercise in syllabic articulation.
IV. Full inspiration at beginning of each sentence, and regular supply of air at breathing intervals; never attempting to speak without first taking breath, and stopping immediately for fresh supply upon first indication of stuttering. The chief fault being an attempt to speak without air and after expiration.
V. Rhythmic and metrical voice action, with regular movements and appropriate gestures.

For this latter purpose the following or like well-measured selections, with gesture, will answer:

Ex.—For-who-would bear-the whips-and scorns-of time\,
The oppressor's wrong\,-the proud man's-contumely\,
The pangs-of despis'd love,-the law's delay\,
The insolence-of office\,-and-the spurns
That patient merit-of the unworthy-takes´,
When-he himself-might-his quietus make
With a bare bodkin\?-Who´-would fardels-bear,
To grunt-and sweat-under a weary life´;-
But-that the dread-of something-after death,
The undiscovered country´-from whose bourn
No traveler-returns´, puzzles the will
And-makes us rather bear-the ills we have

Than fly-to others-that-we know not of?
Thus conscience-does make-cowards of us all';
And thus-the native hue-of resolution
Is sicklied o'er-with the pale cast-of thought,
And-enterprises-of great pith-and moment
With this regard-their currents-turn-awry',
And lose-the name-of action.

Also King Henry's prayer on the eve of Agincourt, page 129. Afterwards energetic selections with action.

With these, properly directed, success is certain where the pupil is in earnest,—which is the *primary essential.* The *second* is that exercises should be continuously and not irregularly pursued with long intervals between.

IN ALL FIRST EFFORTS the teacher must *lead* the pupil, who at this stage proceeds by observation and imitation as in all art, and which is in this as in other cases simply supplemented and perfected by reflection and reproduction.

SECTION III.—STAMMERING.

This is simply an indistinctness of pronunciation, arising from defective muscular action, causing a clumsiness of articulation and consequent faulty pronunciation of certain elements or combinations.

The confirmed habit of occasionally *substituting one letter for another*, or carelessness grown into

habit of *confusing certain sounds* or letters; or again, a *too great haste and eagerness* in speech, which abridges, clips and confuses successive syllables or words, are the principal underlying causes of stammering. The cases are very rare where malformation of the organs exists as a radical fault.

ITS TREATMENT, therefore, under an intelligent teacher, is very simple. Let him cause the pupil to repeat the alphabet slowly, and then read aloud for a few minutes, during which the teacher should carefully note the defective letters and confused or mispronounced combinations of syllables and words. Then if the instructor is a good orthoepist and understands the physiology of the parts, or true basis of phonation, so that he can practically instruct the pupil in the management of the tongue, lips and other organs of speech, there will be no difficulty in finding amongst the exercises contained herein such as, in short practice, will thoroughly cure any case of stammering.

Defects arising from malformation of certain elements give to them technical names which, however, do not much concern us here: *e. g.* the undue pronunciation of G is termed *gammacism;* of L *lambdacism;* of R *rhotacism,* etc. But after discovering the elements or sounds upon which

the pupil is faulty, let the teacher intelligently select the exercises herein used for the correction of ordinary defective enunciation of such sounds. Then make the pupil commence, with the teacher, counting the cardinal numbers, breathing properly between each and beating time thereon with his hand, foot or otherwise in musical manner.

After short practice in this change immediately into elemental exercises, proceeding in the same manner, and diverting his attention by mechanical action in marking the time.

Diffidence, timidity, embarrassment, and hasty articulation are strong prevailing causes. Of these the first three will disappear by practice; in the last case the pupil must be compelled to slow, distinct delivery of the exercises. In a shorter time than supposed stammering may thus like any other habit be completely shaken off.

Section IV.—Lisping.

Lisping is really the improper substitution of one sound or letter for another; viz., *th* for *s*, hence technically termed *sigmatism*.

The basilar cause of this defect is allowing the tongue to be thrust against or between the front

teeth when it should be withdrawn therefrom. Its cure is very simple under the following practice.

First Ex.—Take the sound of *E short* and breathe it clearly forth with teeth slightly open. Then, when distinctly heard, close the teeth suddenly, withdraw the tongue, and make a hissing sound through the closed teeth. This will give the proper sibilant and sound of *s* instead of *th*.

Second Ex.—Let the teacher illustrate that the defect consists as above explained, which makes *th*, and the consequent substitution of that sound for *s*. Then proceeding as above, let him contrast the following words, first pronouncing the imperfect sound, and with the other in his eye immediately attempt the true pronunciation, taking full time to create the sibilant.

A*th*k, . . . *A*sk.	Di*th*mi*th*, . . Di*s*mi*ss*.
A*th*k*th*, . . . A*s*k*s*.	Ek*th*er*th*i*th*e*th*, . Exerci*s*e*s*.
A*th*e*th*, . . . A*ss*e*ts*.	Ek*th*au*th*t, . . Exhau*st*.
A*th*ylum, . . A*s*ylum.	Ek*th*i*th* . . . Exci*se*.
Bal*th*am, . . . Bal*s*am.	Ea*th*t, ... Ea*st*.
Ba*th*ket, . . Ba*s*ket.	Fir*th*t, . . . Fir*st*.
Be*th*t, . . . Be*st*.	Fi*th*t, ... Fi*st*.
Ble*th*ed, . . Ble*ss*ed.	Friend*th*, . . . Friend*s*.
Cha*th*m, . . . Cha*sm*.	Go*th*pel, . . . Go*s*pel.
Che*th*t, . . . Che*st*.	Gli*th*ten, . . . Gli*s*ten.
Chine*th*, . . Chine*se*.	Gun*th*, ... Gun*s*.
Ca*rth*, . . . Ca*rs*.	Ha*th*te . . . Ha*ste*.
Call*th*, . . . Ca*lls*.	Ho*th*pital, . . Ho*s*pital.
Con*th*equen*th*, . Consequence.	He*th*itate, . . He*s*itate.
Con*th*antly . . Con*s*tantly.	In*th*eck*th*, . . In*sects*.
Cau*th*e*th*, . . Cau*ses*.	In*th*ide, . . . In*s*ide.
Creden*th*, . . Credence.	Mu*th*ic, . . . Mu*s*ic.
De*th*i*th*t, . . De*sist*.	Ki*th*ed, . . . Ki*ss*ed.
Di*th*ea*th*, . . Di*sease*.	Pa*th*t, ... Pa*st*.
Di*th*gu*th*t . . Di*sgust*.	Murmur*th*, . . Murmur*s*.
Du*th*t . . . Du*st*.	Wi*th*e*th*, . . . Wishe*s*.

These and general exercise in reading and conversation under correction of teacher will, in very short time, repair the defect of lisping.

Section V.—Labia-Vocal Defects.

There is a class of readers in which a contraction of the muscles of the upper lip not only prevents the true, easy pronunciation of certain elemental sounds, but unduly uncovers and exposes the teeth, which also in a state of rest offensively disfigures the features.

Anatomy justifies the statement, and experience assures, that proper practice on appropriate exercises will give such pliancy to the lips that in reasonable time both defects will be cured. For this purpose a continuanee of the following exercises will be found invariably successful.

Let the pupil practise with a short peg, say three-quarters to one and a quarter inch in length, placed between the front teeth so as to force stronger duty on the muscles, and the end will be more rapidly attained.

Ex. I.—We *pic*kled the *blue ber*ries and *p*ut the *plum pi*ts *am*ong *bl*ack *be*ans, *b*ut so*me* one *br*oke the *bo*ttle and *be*hold when we ca*me ba*ck *be*ans, *b*erries and *bi*ts of *bu*tter were dau*bed* and *p*artly *mi*xed with *po*tatoes, meat, mess-pork and *Bo*ston *be*ans. *M*uch might have *be*en *pi*cked up and *ma*ny *com*ments *ma*de, *bu*t *po*or *mam*ma's *mo*ther was *pr*esent, and we ke*pt mum*, while we *wi*ped away the *rub*bish, s*eem*ing *mo*re du*mb* than *ma*ny a *mu*te.

Ex. II.—*We wi*ll not *bo*ast or *br*ag of *bon*nets, but we *pr*efer the *pro*per *pro*fitable *blu*e *bom*bazine with white

and *bl*ack and *br*own *be*tween the *pur*ple *rib*bon *bo*ws. *Be*fore *we* went to *Wa*shington *we bo*ught *bl*ue, *br*own and *bl*ack *ber*ries, which we *p*ut u*p*on the *mu*slin *trim*mings, and *ma*ny *pe*ople *pro*nounced th*em mo*st su*per*bly *pr*etty. *But* one *some*times *pos*sibly *pre*sumes too *mu*ch *up*on *prepos*session, *pre*judice or *pre*ference, for so*me* will not *we*ar *big plu*mes of *bl*ack and *bl*ue *up*on their *be*st *su*mmer *bo*nnets when Novem*ber* or Decem*ber* suits them *bet*ter.

Section VI.—Hoarseness.

Hoarseness in speaking results from an improper management of the breath sent up into the larynx and pharyngeal cavity wherein the unvocalized emission causes irritation of the surface or delicate membranous lining, creating also inflammation and swelling of the parts. This eventually culminates, if not arrested, in *dysphonia clericorum*—clergyman's sore throat—or kindred disease.

It is certified by MacKenzie and other first-class authorities that under proper action of the breath, with sound constitution and good muscular development, *considerable exercise of the vocal organs* is not followed by any bad effects, but on the contrary *such exertion rather acts as a local tonic.* It will be found that, where the fault does not lie directly in the mismanagement of the

breath, the very large proportion of these cases of granular pharyngitis or throat diseases is attributable to *constitutional predisposition*, *over-exertion of the voice*, or *exposure to cold*—this last, the most immediate though not most potent cause.

In all such cases the application of any irritant to the weakened mucous membrane is capable of exciting the morbid action of the glandular apparatus. Excessive use of tobacco may either cause congestion or produce chronic relaxation.

Since the days of the Greek sophists and lawyers, who occasionally sipped demulcent liquids or *plasmata* for softening and sustaining the voice while speaking, many mixtures have been and are still used by speakers and singers whose improperly trained or overtaxed voices became or become hoarse and ungovernable. The habit of WATER DRINKING DURING SPEECH is indulged by many, and for such it may be mentioned that the best specialists in voice treatment and intelligent elocutionists unequivocally condemn this practice. Gordon Holmes, one of the most learned physicians and writers on the subject, states: "I am inclined to believe that the sipping of cold water is one of the worst habits that could be contracted with the object of keeping the voice

in good order. In the first place, when the throat is dry the wetting power of water is very slight, because it will scarcely adhere to the parched mucous membrane. Secondly, if there is congestion of the throat as betrayed by a feeling of heat, the effect of a douche of cold water is ultimately to increase that congestion, for the blood is only momentarily driven away, and returns in a few minutes, by reaction, in larger quantity. A temporary relief is experienced, but reactive congestion quickly sets in, and the demand for a draught of cold water is greater than ever."

For those laboring under irritation of the throat, hoarseness of voice, etc., and who may have no means of correct elocutionary training, as also for those who may be *obliged* occasionally to tax the voice while suffering from a cold and consequent inflammation, the following may be accepted as the most *simple and approved* remedy to be used in such cases, while speaking, as a

LUBRICATING DRINK.

Take equal parts of tragacanth, pure starch, and good white sugar (say 1 oz. of each), and let them dissolve in a pint of water. When properly dissolved a teaspoonful may be added to a glass of water and taken in small quantities so as not to overcharge the stomach. This forms a pleasant liquid of such consistency and

adhesive power as covers and protects for a little time the membranous lining, by a moistened film, against the harsh and rasping mismanagement of the voice. It may be used a little thick or thin at the option of the speaker; and a temperature of about 60° is best for this or any other drink of the speaker. Much preferable also to cold water is sweetened water or *l'eau sucreé* of the French.

The above will be found a grateful temporary relief to all who may be obliged to resort to such, but the secure action is to consult a skilled physician, who in nearly all cases will supplement his treatment by referring the patient to intelligent vocal culture.

CHAPTER VI.

Vocal Flexibility.

An inflexible voice is very rare; yet the inflexibility that prevails in reading and memoriter speaking or recitation is surprisingly common. One constantly finds pupils who sing well or passably, and in whose vocal action thus exhibited every desirable flexure undulation, trill or changing transition of voice is marked and facile. Ask them to read some passage where strong or light slide or inflection is required and inexplicable difficulty seems presented. As the chief charm of voice in reading depends upon its easy movement through varieties of tone, expressive of emotion, feeling, passion, etc., the ambitious pupil must prepare himself therefor, and a few hours occasional training and examples from the living voice, or teacher, will do more than volumes of written instructions; it is therefore proposed to add only such few as may be most easily managed, and first as to

Slides and Undulations of Voice.

It is not the intention here to enter upon the

philosophy of inflections. The present being the more mechanical *voice culture* postpones the more intellectual for subsequent treatment. To obtain easy command of voice in transition, slide, modulation, pitch, etc., and to secure its graceful movement, let the pupil make frequent attentive practice of the following:

EXERCISES.—Suppose yourself astonished at something disagreeable and distasteful that you are told *you shall do.* Then in more or less indignant reply utter one or all of the following words, with upward slide of voice: *Indeed! Ah! Shall!*

Practice these words under various degrees of astonishment and disapprobation with rising concrete move ment of voice sweeping through an octave, and then with downward sweep or slide, to the key-note of each.

First—Three notes.	A'h—	indeéd—	shall.
Second—Five notes.	Ah—	indeed—	shall.
Third—Octave.	Ah—	indeed—	shall.

Downward slide—*Thirds*—Shàll—indeèd, àh.
" *Fifths* Shall—indeed, ah.
" *Octaves* Shall—indeed, ah.

Try the same on "BOY"—also on the pronoun "I."

First—3rds.	BÓY—BÓY,	BÓY—Downw'd	BÒY—BÒY—BÒY.
Second—5ths.	BOY—I,	I. "	I— Boy—I.
Third—oct.	I— Boy,	I. "	Boy—I— Boy.
First—5ths.	B͡oy indeed!		I͡ an itching p͡alm?
Second—Oct.	Boy indeed!		I an itching palm?

Apply these slides to the following as marked. The Fifth Slides are in *italics*, Octave Slides in *capitals.* Some read the examples given with falling or downward slides of voice. They are

here used with the opposite, full reasons for which will be understood when we treat of inflections.

EX. SCENE FROM CORIOLANUS—Act v, scene v. Denouncing Aufidius.

AUFIDIUS. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

COR. MEASURELESS LIAR! (oct.) thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. BOY! *O slave!*
* * * * * BOY! False *hound!*
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there
That like an eagle in a dove cote I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. BOY!

EX. JULIUS CÆSAR—Act iv, scene iii.

BRUTUS. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CASSIUS. I AN ITCHING PALM!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS. *Chastisement!*
* * * * * *

CAS. O ye *góds*, ye *góds!* must I en*dure* all *this?*

BRU. All *this!* ay, *more:* fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must *I budge?*
Must *I* observe *you?* must *I stand* and *cronch*
Under your testy *humour?* By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my *laughter*,
When you are *waspish.*

NOTE.—Take the following, first five lines, second book Paradise Lost; articulate them as divided in Ex. and recite them in middle pitch of voice. Then repeat, one note higher; again one note higher still, and so to the full reach of voice, *without shouting*. Then descend on each repetition of the lines one note, until as low as the voice will reach. Repeat this exercise frequently, and it will be found one of the *very best*—adding as it will, in a short time, notes above and below the pupil's voice capacity at the commencement.

Ex.—High-on-a-throne-of-roy-al-state,-which-far
Out-shone-the-wealth-of-Or-mus-and-of-Ind;
Or-where-the-gor-geous-east,-with-rich-est-hand,
Showers-on-her-kings,-bar-ba-ric-pearl-and-gold,
Sa-tan-ex-alt-ed-sat.

Ex. Execute, *as exercise*, the following lines from MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, beginning at the bottom, ascending and descending as constructed:

fire I
thorough
flood do
thorough
pale wan-
over
park der
over
brier eve-
thorough
bush ry-
thorough
dale where
over swift-
hill er
over than
the
How, now, spirit, whither wander you? moones
sphere.

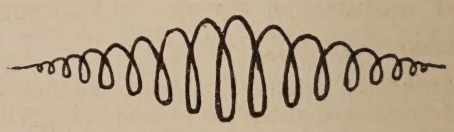
Ex. Thus after the manner of the last exercise give the following correct reading. MACBETH to WITCHES, Act iv, scene 1. But in each member, as numbered, let the voice rise by *pitch, not by slide.* On the descent, let it *slide* strongly down, *in full tones. Read* from *below upwards.*

tumble all together—Even *till destruction sicken.*
6. Tho' the *treasure of nature's germens*
their *heads* to their *foundations;*
5. Tho' palaces and *pyramids* do *slope*
their warders' *heads;*
4. Tho' *castles topple* on
and *trees blown down;*
3. Tho' bladed *corn* be *lodged*
and *swallow* navigation *up*;
2. Tho' the yesty *waves* confound
them fight against the *churches;*
1. Tho' you *untie* the *winds* and let
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Mach. I conjure you, by that which you profess,

ANSWER me to *what* I *ask* you.

Let the pupil also practice the out-pouring or *out-rolling* of the voice in the manner symbolized below—on middle, high and low pitch—using one of the long vowels as a vehicle of sound, pouring it full of air, by muscular action, swelling and diminishing.

High,
Middle, } *Awe.*
Low.



Ex. Use the subjoined Ex. as follows:

Commence on high pitch, drop one note on each of the first four lines; then commence *ascending* on *fifth* line and *raise* one note on each to close of *tenth* line. Then on *eleventh* line descend or drop the voice six notes, and descend again from *that pitch* one note on each of the other lines.

To the deep,
down.
To the deep,
down.

Through the shades of sleep—
Through the cloudy strife
Of death and of life;
Through the veil and the bar
Of things that seem and are,
Even to the steps of the remotest throne,—
Down!
Down!
Down!
Down!

The following extract from the "Veiled Prophet," (LALLA ROOKH) and like passages present good opportunity for practice in flexibility. Do not be afraid to let the voice have easy play through the lines, as the chief beauty of the reading depends upon the freedom of the slide and undulating action. "Mokanna" is represented "pondering," and—

At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke
From EBLIS, at the fall of man, he spoke—
"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given
"Too *mean* for *eárth* yet claiming kin with heàven
"God's images forsooth!—Such gods as he
"Whom India serves, the mónkey-déity:
"Ye creatures of a breath! proud things of clay!
"To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,
"Refúsed—though at the forfeit of heaven's light—
"To bénd in wórship, Lùcifer was rìght!

* * * * * *

"Ye *wíse!* ye leárned, who grope your dull way on,
"By the dim twinkling gleam, of ages gone
"Ye shall have honórs -wéalth, yes sages, yés—
"*I* knòw, *grave fóols*, your wisdom's nóthingness:
"*Undázzled*, it can track yon starry sphere
"But a *gilt stick*, a *bauble*, blinds it *hére*
"*How I shall laugh*, when trumpeted along
"In lying speech and still more lying *song*
"*Their wits bought up*, their *wisdom* shrunk so *small*
"A sceptre's puny point, can wield it all!
"*Ye*, too, *believers*, of *incredible creeds!*
"Whose faith enshrines the *monsters which it breeds.*
"Ye shall have *miracles*, aye, *sound ones*, too,
"*Seen, heard, attested*, everything—but true.

Etc., throughout the passage.

So also in this extract from VIRGINIUS, Act i, Sc. ii.

Virginia. Well, father, what's your will?
Virginius. I wished to see you
To ask you of your tasks—how they go on—
And what your *masters* say of you—what last
You *did?* I hope you never play
The *truant!*

Virg. The *truant!* No, indeed, Virginius.
Vir. I am *sure* you do not—kiss me.
Virg. O my father!
I am so *happy* when you're *kind* to me!

Vir. You are so *happy* when I'm *kind* to you!
Am I not *always* kind? I never spoke
An *angry word* to you in all my *life*,
Virginia! You are *happy when I'm kind!*
That's *strange*—and makes me *think* you have some reason
To fear I may be *otherwise* than kind
Is 't *so* my girl?

CHAPTER VII.

Force and Stress.

As all our motions, actions, passions, take their form and direction from the nerve centres, so the dynamic stroke which indicates the mental condition, the action or ictus given to the voice its agent in expression, is discovered in the force of utterance.

The organic sympathy of our nature acting from brain-nerve to muscle, produces at the mind's demand action voluntary or involuntary, that from diaphragm through lungs expels the air in compact volume and decisive movement, making it full, strong and effective. It is this that in all tones of voice gives body and power more serviceable to the speaker than increased height of pitch or loudness, and is to be thoughtfully considered and practised in contradistinction thereto.

Force correctly understood means *power* to the voice. Loudness is more like noise. Force under proper management gives volume and dignity, *whether the tones be high or low*. Loudness de-

pends too much upon high pitch, throat-labor and falsetto tones without full action of the abdominal muscles as the propulsive power. The former gives the true *os rotundum*, or pure tone and orotund. The latter leads to reduudant guttural and aspirate qualities, injuring both voice and organs. Force is the result of full-supplied breath in compact, unbroken column. Loudness favors that fitful, spasmodic action which, shaking and rattling through partially filled trachea and larynx, chafes and abrades the delicate membranes, thus leading to their debility and disease.

Force and volume relate to *space* and power, filling all around and heard with pleasure, like the organ tone. Loudness pertains to *distance*, and, though sometimes heard as far, causes grating on the ear like fife or whistle, while the nearer we approach the more repulsive is the sound.

Force faithfully practiced under its various modifications strengthens the vocal organs and gives them flexibility and vigor. Its forms are:

The Effusive—which is smooth and subdued.

Expulsive— " abrupt and earnest.

Explosive— " energetic and impassioned.

In these executive forms, each of which may be more or less modified, *force* is supplemented

by its cognate element *stress*, which completes the character of voice action; and here, therefore, let us consider in conjunction the subject of stress, which is, in fact, specially applied vocal force. It is used by Dr. Rush to exemplify the mode in which *force* is rendered perceptible and effective in its application to single sounds.

Thus it bears to force the same relation that accent bears to emphasis exhausting its action on single sounds as accent does on single syllables. While force like emphasis runs through words, phrases or sentences.

Stress represents *activity, energy, decision, etc.*

Force represents *intensity, duration, power, etc.*

Volume represents *pomp, dignity, majesty, etc.*

Stress we here classiy under seven different forms, the correct comprehension and management of which are indispensable to good reading.

These are as follow, and may be represented by the subjoined symbols:

Radical, or initial, Stress ..... >
Radical diminuendo Stress..... ⋗
Vanishing or final Stress..... <
Compound Stress..... ><
Median or middle Stress..... ◇
Thorough Stress..... ═══
Tremor..... ..... ~~~~

Thus employed they indicate the character and action of the voice required, or the thought they

symbolize as clearly as do notes or signs in music the tone, quality, or execution, sought by the composer; and the pupil should accept and study them as such exponents.

RADICAL STRESS is the most useful and necessary perhaps to the reader or speaker. Its proper use necessitates expulsive or explosive breathing in one of two forms, as > which symbolizes the abrupt burst of voice in full force or strength at the opening of the mouth on the pronunciation, and a rapid closing of the sound into nothing upon the word or syllable as indicated in form by its symbol. The other we would represent as ≻, more nearly resembling the musical diminuendo and figuring the voice as gradually moving from the initial burst through a softening and diminishing tone to nothing.

It is a philosophic fact that the emotion raised in the mind by thoughtive force, resembling, as it does, its effect, is felt as if force were exerted there; and it is just as strong a fact that force will physically follow, and psychologically the emotion be transmitted to hearer or spectator. But the mind that exerts no force conveys listlessness of purpose, and excites or enlists no emotional sympathy, earnestness or interest in the hearer.

Force is especially required in vocal action to

save it from emptiness, dullness, heaviness; and we cannot too much urge upon the student a due consideration and perfection of this most valuable elocutionary accomplishment, which mixes itself in every effort of the orator or reader.

FORCE, radical, and diminuendo *stress* are to him the most essential power next to that of vocal utterance, speech, judgment and education. Judiciously used, with voice qualities, they form the true weapons or vocal outfit of the educated orator, giving point and edge and life, spirit and dignity and decision, sweetness, earnestness and power to his utterance. Without them speaking and reading under *ordinary emotion* become wearisome, weak, insipid and monotonous, securing our pity rather than respect. Without such, under *strong* emotion, passion, etc., the speaker rushes on through rant, vociferation and confusion of thought, which entitle him to the jeers rather than the plaudits of his audience. Thus the unskilled actor rants through Hamlet's challenge to Laertes at Ophelia's grave.

" Dost thou come here to *whine?*
To out*face* me, by leaping in her *grave?*
Be buried *quick* with her and so will I!
And if thou prate of *moun*tains—let them throw
Millions of *acres* on us, till our ground

Singeing his *pate* against the burning zone
Make *Ossa* like a *wart*! Nay an' thou'lt *mouth*.
I'll rant as well as *thou*."

And in fact such wild outbursts of passion can only be saved from rant and mouthing-vociferation by the correct use of stress, tempering and regulating their time and inflections.

It is the absence or unskilled use of rad. stress that begets the whining, sing-song tones which grow into rant, and scream, and howl, occasionally heard in pulpits, on the platform and elsewhere; which speakers never discover in themselves until friendly teacher point them out; and without the judicious use of which all sermons and speeches, especially if written, or when read, must be more or less tinged with monotony.

THE RAD. STRESS, then, is the exponent of well directed, thoughtive *energy*, *decision*, *force*, *firmness*, *determination*, etc., yet requires to be considered and managed with much discretion. Care must be exercised lest the student fall into its abuse or extreme use, which is a fault almost as serious as its entire absence. Bad taste, want of thought or judgment, may lead to a habit of employing this stress upon every few words, thus giving to the voice a jerky, spasmodic, chopping action, which conveys *arrogance*, *assumption*,

self-conceit. This, of course, must be avoided by limitation of its action to essential words.

As a means of practising and acquiring the rad. stress, the student may be able to adopt no better formula than the following exercises, which should be continued for some time and occasionally returned to for discipline.

First.—Count the cardinal numbers slowly and clearly.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10d

Second.—Count as before, but with increasing force and pitch on each number.

1 2 3 4 3 6 7 8 9 10

Fourth.—Occasionally, after the manner of a clear, hearty laugh, use the sounds—

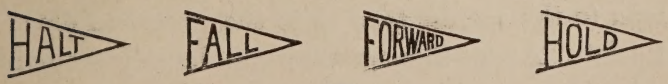
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Fourth.—Run the notes of the gamut in *staccato form* as high as the speaking voice will reach, taking good care to give to each the clear radical stroke, and to avoid any approach to prolonged or singing tones.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, re, &c.

Then in same manner descend. Repeat three times.

Note.—These will form best exercises for clearing, strengthening and giving to the voice sparkle and precision of stroke. For the following Ex. let there be a full inspiration through the nostrils, then a moment's occlusion of the larynx, barring the breath for a full and sudden discharge. Then opening the mouth expel the air by rapid action of the abdominal muscles, exploding the voice and closing it immediately. Use such words as "halt!" "fall!" "forward!" etc.



A fair practice on these will give the student the correct idea of *stress*, which, as before stated, is force applied to single sounds. From this it will not be difficult to carry its action into sentences, provided the facile stroke of voice has been mastered in the word or single sound.

Cas. *Bru*tus, *bay* not *me*;
I'll not en*dure* it: you for*get* yourself,
To hedge me *in*; I am a *sol*dier—*I*,
Older in *prac*tice, *abler* than *yourself*
To make con*dit*ions.
Bru. Go to; you are *not*, *Cas*sius.
Cas. I *am*.
Bru. *I say* you are not.
Cas. *Urge* me no *more*, I shall for*get* myself.

One of the most irksome duties of a teacher is to be reminding pupils of facts which they sometimes know as well as he, and upon which in practice or exercise they are possibly quite as perfect; and one of the greatest faults of readers, one of the greatest troubles of a teacher, is that they will not put into practical execution those features so thoroughly known to and practised by them in other places. For instance, counting the cardinal numbers as above, one of the simplest and most natural uses of stress, is common to the merest tyro as to the practised elocutionist. About this, mistake can hardly occur in

management of breath and voice, yet the pupil that may be perfect therein, will often make much ado when required to import the same features of force and stress into an oratorical or argumentative reading.

THE MOST DIFFICULT MANAGEMENT of force and stress appears to be in their natural application to changing hues and shades of thought as such pass before the reader's eye; requiring sometimes swell and volume in effusive orotund, indicating majesty, sublimity and grandeur. Again that low, effusive, pure, subdued and median control, that speaks a change to serious or pathetic; perchance the high, expulsive, energetic force and impassioned stress whose hastened movements tell of joy, etc., and all of which, as well as others, often occur in single sentences.

To effect grace and facility in this a most valuable practice may be had upon the following scale or ladder, which will be found the most certain guide to the order of thought and expression indicated in the corresponding column.

The mode of practising the scale is simply to strike the key note, and with proper force applied to voice, read each selection from below upwards; then down; then promiscuously until the result

is certain and the voice pitch force and transition easy.

SCALE FOR EXERCISE IN FORCE, PITCH AND MODULATION.

8th (Octave.)	DO.	If thou speak'st false, upon the next tree shalt thou hang, alive. Page 179.	Impassioned orotund, excitement, &c.
7th (Semitone.)	SI.	What man dare, I dare! Take any shape but that and my firm nerves shall never tremble, etc. Page 198.	Energetic orotund, alarm, &c.
6th Tone.	LA.	Wreathe the bowl with flowers of soul The brightest wit can find us! Page 146.	Joy or humor
5th Tone (Dominant pitch.)	SOL.	Therefore, my lords omit no happy hour, that may give furtherance to our expedition, etc. Page 173.	Bold orotund.
4th Tone (Sub dominant.)	FA.	I speak to time and to eternity, of which I grow a portion, not to man. Page 218.	Grave Tone.
3d (Semitone.)	MI.	O, Thou that rollest above! round as the shield of my fathers. Whence are thy beams, O Sun. Page 128.	Solemn & earnest appeal.
2d Tone.	RE.	Thus conscience does make cowards of us all: and thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er, etc. Page 83.	Solemn orotund
1st Tone (Keynote.)	DO.	To be, or not to be: that is the question, etc. Page 81.	Tone of solemn awe.

This adaptation is only another form of the gamut, but highly useful in aiding the pupil to practical application of the exercises under the other forms, which seems generally the difficulty presented.

FORCE AND STRESS may be said to rank among the most subtle agencies in expression, at least to the uninitiated, who fail to see the mode of execution whereby such strength and full development of thought and significance are given; and not unfrequently good readers detect a majesty, or power, an elegance and finish about the reading of another as distinguished from their own; and do not know that in the application of these elements consists the difference. A very fine illustration and test of this is found in the lines of Alfred Evelyn in the following extract from "Money," Act II., Sc. 1—mark the italics:

EVE. *L*eft *fath*erless, when but a *boy*, my pòor *mòt*her *grùd*ged herself *fòod to give me education*. *Some* one had *told* her that *learn*ing was *bet*ter than *house* and *land*—that's a *lie*, Gràves!

GRAVES. A scandalous lie, Evelyn!

EVE. On the *strength* of that lie *I* was put to *school*—*sent* to *col*lege, a *sizar*. Do you *know* what a sizar *is?* In *prìde* he is a *gèn*tlemàn—in *knowlcdge* he is a *schòlar*—and he *crawls* about, *amidst* gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a *pau*per on his back! I *car*ried *off* the great *prizes*—I be*came distinguished*—I *look*ed to a high de*gree*, leading to a *fellowship*; *that is*, an inde*pen*dence for my*sèlf*—a *home* for my *mother*. One day a young *lord insulted* me—I *retòrted*—he *struck* me—refúsed *apol*ogy—refused red*ress*. *I* was a *sizar*!—a *Pa*riáh! a thing—to *be struck!* *Sir*, I was at least a *màn*, and I *horse*whìpped him in the *hall before the eyes of the whole College!*—A few *days*, and the lòrd's *chas-*

tisement was *forgòtten*. The *next* day-the *sizar* was ex*pell*ed—the ca*reer* of a life *blasted*!—That is the difference between *Rich* and *Poor;* it takes a *whir*wìnd to mô*v*e the *òne*—a br*éath* may uproot the *other*.

As this element of expression always conveys *earnestness, decision* and *resolution,* no better example can be required than the *Ten Commandments.* And the attempt to improve their inexcusably imperfect interpretation by the general reader may justify their present use and insertion.

Ex.—And God spake all these words, saying:

I am the *Lord—thy God*—which, have b*rought* thee *out* of the *land* of Egypt, *out* of the *house* of bondage.

Thou shalt>have>*no>other>gods*>before>me.

Thou>*shalt not>make* unto>thee any>*graven>image*, or any *likeness* of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.

Thou shalt *not>bow>down* thyself to them, nor>*serve* them: for *I* the Lord thy God am a *jealous* God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, *unto the third and fourth generation*, of them that *hate* me;

And *shewing mercy* unto thousands of them that *lovè me*, and keèp my commàndments.

Thou shalt not>*take the>name of the>Lord* thy God in >*vain:* for the Lord will not *hold* him *guiltless* that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the>*sabbath-day* to>*keep it holy.*

Honour thy father and thy *mother;* that thy *days* may be *long*—upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not>*kill.*

Thou shalt not>*commit adultery.*

Thou shalt not>*steal.*

Thou shalt not *bear>false witness* against thy neighbour.
Thou shalt not>*covet* thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor>*any thing* that is thy>*neighbour's.*

NOTE.—A most serious and *frequent fault* in readers and speakers is to let the voice die out at the closing of sentences. It springs from one of the absurd "*rules*" laid down that there the falling inflection is used, without truly knowing what the falling inflection practically is. Nothing is more annoying to the hearer than this habit. Besides in majority, perhaps, of well constructed sentences, especially seen in the last example, the strength of thought and force of expression are reserved, frequently too in climatic form, for the close. In all such cases of course, the habit is not only monotonously disagreeable, but highly destructive of sense. The only way to avoid this is by proper distribution of force, radical stress, and consequent vocal support, which will give infallible cure. It only requires a little care to avoid the opposite extreme. The voice *may fall* at the close, but it must not fall *flat*, nor fall to pieces.

Under what has been said, and with the knowledge the pupil has thus far acquired, it may be unnecessary to add anything further upon this form of stress, more than to *urge its practice* as a chief element in good articulation, which gives to oratorical display that decisive, graceful word-finish, sparkle and brilliancy that avoids vociferation and confusion, therefore especially essential in strong impassioned passages.

Subject to appropriate qualities of voice and

other features of delivery not yet reached in our work, and requiring perhaps elucidation by the teacher; let the student attempt the following examples as exercises in close of this element—radical stress.

Hur*rah!* the *foes* are *mov*ing! *Ha*rk to the mingled *din*
Of *fife*, and *steed*, and *trump*, and *drum*, and *roa*ying *cul*verin!
The *fiery Duke* is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the *hire*ling *chiv*alry of *Guel*ders and Alm*ayne*.
Now, by the *lips* of those ye *love*, fair gentlemen of *France*,
CHARGE for the *gol*den *lil*ies!—Upon them *with the lance!*
A *thou*sand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in *rest*,
A thousand knights are pressing *close* behind the snow-white *crest;*
And *in* they *burst*, and on they *rushed*, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest *car*nage, *blazed* the *hel*met of Nav*arre*.

Right well fought all the *Fren*chmen who fought for *France* to-day;
And many a *lord*ly *ban*ner God gave them, for *prey*.
But-*we of the religion* have borne us *best* in fight:
And the good *Lord of Rosny* hath ta'en the *cornet white*—
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath *ta*'en,
The cornet white *with crosses black*, the *flag* of *fa*lse Lor*raine*.
Up with it, high; un*furl* it, wide—that all the host may know
How God hath *hum*bled the proud house which wrought his church such *woe*.
Then–on the *ground*, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shred,–a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Nav*arre*.

In the following Ex. from Cibber's acting adaptation of Richard III, Act v, sc. v, the force and stress in Richard's lines increase gradually to the close.

KING R.—Oh, Catesby! I have had such horrid dreams.
CATESBY.– Shadows, my lord—below the soldiers heeding.
KING R.—Now, by the Apostle Paul, *shad*ows to-night
Have struck more *ter*ror to the soul of *Rich*ard
Than could the *sub*stance of ten *thou*sand soldiers.

Arm'd *all* in p*roof*, and led by *sha*dow *Rich*-
mond.

CATESBY.—Were it but known a dream had frightened you
How would your animated foes presume on't?

KING R.—*Per*ish the>*thought!* *No*, never be it said
That fate it*self* could awe the so*ul* of Richard.
Hence, *bab*bling>*dreams!* You *threa*ten>here
in>vain!
Conscience, *avaunt!* *Rich*ard's>him*self*>again!

So also the following from Richard III;

KING R.—A *flourish!* *trumpets!* *Strike* the alarum
drums!
Let>*not* the>*hea*vens hear these>*tell*-tale
>*wo*men
Rail on the Lord's *anointed;*>*Strike*, I>*say!*

* * * * *

RICHMOND.—Fight, *gentlemen of England!* Fight, bold
yeomen!
Draw, *archers*, draw your *arrows* to the *head!*
Spur your proud *horses hard* and *ride* in blood;
Amaze the *welkin* with your broken *staves!*

SECTION II.

RADICAL DIMINUENDO STRESS.—There is perceptible in all children's voices until spoiled by school recitations, etc., as there is also in all cultivated voices a sweet and soft sound, the counterpart of the musical diminuendo. This sound, which is the consequence of mental desire to have the expressed thought clear, distinct and pleasing to the hearer, strikes in full, strong

purpose, like more abrupt rad, stress, on the opening of the word. This is with intent to be heard and not lost. But because of the pleasure it proposes to convey it *gradually* softens down into finer, sweeter, more insinuating form as it closes, giving to the voice its most attractive finish. It is therefore the symbol of *pleasant, or pretended pleasant, mental action* in its expression of *love, tenderness, persuasisn, seductiveness, compliment, flattery* and the many-colored sentiments ranged under this generic thought.

Would the orator with strong argument convince, he uses radical stress>; would he persuade, seduce or *wheedle* others to his views, he abandons the strength and deiscion of that element and employs the softer strains of the diminuendo>. The former is always used in command, the latter in solicitation. The signs here employed to designate them give to the eye an intelligible idea of the voice tone, which the student must formulate or learn from teacher, and they are in such common use in natural expression that the very best exercise is upon passages requiring them. Those who have observed in themselves or others the movements of the voice when they have endeavored to make themselves agreeable

will have no difficulty, with natural care, in resuming the tones.

Ex.—Indeed, madame, I wish not to be *forward*, but women always seemed to me less *calcula*ted for *retirement* than men. *We* have a thousand *employments*, a thousand *amuse*ments, which *yoú* have *not*.

We>ride, we>hunt, we>play,>read,>write. But dare I>ask what are>*your* emp*loy*ments for a day?

O, my lord, you cannot imagine how quickly time passes when a certain uniformity guides the minutes of our life! How often do I ask, "Is Satúrday cóme agáin so soón?" On a bright cheerful *morning* my books and breakfast are carried out upon the grass plot. Then, is the sweet picture of reviving industry and eager innocence *always new* to me. The *bird's notes*, so often heard, still waken new *ideas;* thes herd are led out into the fields; the peasant bends his eye upon his plough; *Every*thing *lives* and *moves*, and in every creature's mind it *seems* as it were morning. Towards evening I begin to roam abroad, from the park into the meadows; and, sometimes, returning I pause to look at the village boys and girls at play. Then do I bless their innocence and pray to Heaven those laughing, *thoughtless hours* could be their lot forever.

Ex.—There is a>*spell*—in every>*flower*
A>*sweetness*—in each>*spray*
And every simple>*bird*—hath>power
To>*please* me, with its>lay
And there is>*music* on the breeze
That>sports, along the>glade
The crystal dew>drops, on the trées,
Are>*gems*—by fancy made
O,—there is>joy and>happiness
In>*everything* I see
Which bids my>*soul*>rise up and bless
The>God—that blesseth me.

The following extracts from Act iii, sc. ii, Henry VIII, afford good example of blending the argumentative and persuasive—or attempted wheedling; also of the tone of respect, even in high position, due and expressed to superiors. The scene is between CARDINAL WOLSEY, CAMPEIUS and QUEEN KATHARINE in the endeavor to obtain her consent to a divorce from the King. All the effective words should be marked by the rad. dim.>:

ENTER THE TWO CARDINALS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here *part* of a housewife,
I would be *all*, against the worst may happen.
What are your *plea*sures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: * * * *
*Wol. Tan*ta est *er*ga te *men*tis in*teg*ritas, re*gin*a sere*niss*ima—

In the Queen's reply will be marked the change of manner to the decisive, assertive, and the consequent natural change to the more abrupt radical stress> in its expression:

Q. Kath. O, good my *lord*, no *Latin;*
I am not such a *tru*ant since my *com*ing,
As not to *know* the *lan*guage I have *lived* in:

A *strange tongue* makes my cause *more* strange, *suspicious;*
Pray, speak in *Eng*lish; here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: *lord car*dinal,
The willing'st *sin* I ever yet com*mit*ted
May be ab*sol*ved in English.

Then again the flexure, the conciliatory turn of the cardinals, the admitted cause of grievances, employs while also marking their humility, (assumed or earnest), the deeper form of the *diminuendo* aided also by quality of voice and *time* necessary to due interpretation.

Wol. >Noble>lady,
I am *sorry*—my integrity should breed,—
(And service to his majesty and you),
So deep suspicion—where, all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation
To taint that *honour* every good *ton*gue blesses,
Nor, to betray you, any way, to sorrow
You have too *much*, good lady—but—to *know*
How you stand *mind*ed, in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and, to *deliver*,
Like *free* and *honest men*, our just *opinions*
And *comforts* to your *cause.*
Cam. Most>honour'd>madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble *nature*,
Zeal and *obedi*ence he still *bore* your *grace*,
Forgetting—like a good man—your late censure
Both of his truth and him—which was too far—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of *peace*,
His *ser*vice and his *coun*sel.

The tones of CAMPEIUS are conceived and executed in deepest form of this element conveying

as it were apology for his interposition—from his lower sphere than the prime minister. To both the queen rejoins in deprecating thought and words. * * *

Wol. Madam, you *wrong*—the king's *love*, with these fears
Your hopes and *friends*, are *infinite.*
Cam. I would your>grace
Would *leave* your *griefs* and take my *counsel.*
Q. Kath. How> sir?
Cam. Put your main *cause*—into the king's pro*tec*tion,
He's *loving* and—most *gracious;* 'twill be much
Both for your *honor*—better, *and*, your *cause*,
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away—*disgraced.*
Wol. He>tells you>rightly.

Here the queen, incensed, again changes to the rad. stress which the voice in stern denunciation always assumes.

Queen. Ye *tell* me what—ye *wish* for *both*—my *ruin.*
Is *this* your *Chris*tian *coun*sel? >*Out* upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there—sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.

Ex.—Tender, loving persuasion. Hamlet, Act i, sc. v.

Queen. Let not thy *mother* lose her prayers. Hamlet.
I pray thee *stay* with us; *go* not to *Wittenberg.*

Ex.—Love—Expressions—Compliment, etc.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.—Act V., Scene I.

Lorenzo *and* Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines *bright!*
* * * * * * *
In >*such* a >*night*
Did >*Jessica* steal from the wealthy >Jew

And with an unthrift >*love* did run from >*Venice*
As far as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night
Did young >*Lorenzo* >*swear* he >*loved* her *well*,
Stealing her >*soul* with many >*vows* of >*faith*
And ne'er a >*true* >*one.*
Lor. In such a night
Did pretty >*Jessica*, like a little >*shrew*,
>*Slander* her love, and >*he* >*forgave* it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But >*hark*, I hear the footing of a man.
* * * * * * *
Lor. How >*sweet* the >*moonlight* >*sleeps* upon this >*bank!*
Here will we sit and let the >*sounds* of music
Creep in our ears: soft *stillness* and the *night*
Become the touches of sweet harmony,
>*Sit* >*Jessica.* Look how the floor of >*heaven*
Is thick inlaid with >*patines* of bright >*gold:*
There's not the smallest >*orb* which thou >*behold*'st
But in his motion like an >*angel* >*sings*,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such >harmony is in immortal >souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Section III.—Vanishing Stress.

This represents the closing or vanish of the voice as it *explodes* in loud broken sound, scattering, as it were, rather than dying away. Its symbol < conveys correctly the idea of its opening sharp, rapidly swelling and bursting or breaking off abruptly without diminish. Thus it is the voice of *petulance, querulousness, impatience, anger, revenge* and *malignant passions*, which, observation shows us, all express themselves in these abrupt conclusions. It is used

only in *explosive* form, and marks always, where dominant, a peevish, "crossed-grained" temper. Yet it marks also good qualities in our nature, and essentially tones and energizes the voice in strong *manly resolve, argumentative remonstrance, resolute resistance, repulsion of wrong*, etc. So as a part of our nature it becomes a necessary element of elocution in the artistic presentation of such emotions and passions.

NOTE.—In its lower form of petulance and minor passions let the pupil, in assumed peevish or querulous mood, as that of a spoiled child, practice the words "*I shant*," holding for a moment on the first and then bursting on the second thus, I< shant.

Again, in the higher order, supposing himself wronged, imposed upon and resisting improper demand in strong, manly tones, his indignation exploding itself on the words "I will not, or "I< wont," and thus a correct idea is obtained of its action.

This may then be run through the voice in all cases where *opposing, objecting*, and as it were *antagonizing* the thought interpreted, or offensively expressed by another, and which will be better understood when the pupil advancing farther becomes conversant with *qualities of voice*, especially the impure with which it is much associated.

Ex.—O, nonsense, don't<talk such<stuff to me, it is perfect<bosh.

Ex.— O proper< stuff,
This is the very *painting* of your *fears*;
This is the air drawn< *dagger* which you said
Led you to< *Duncan.*

Ex.—Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do *defy* him, and I< *spit* at him;
* * * * *
Meantime let this defend my loyalty.
By all my hopes most falsely doth he< *lie.*

Ex.— What a *fool* art thou;
A< *ramping* fool, to brag and stamp and sweat
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded< slave.

Ex.—And what *is* death? I've *dared* him *oft* before the <Paynim <*spear.*
Think ye he's entered at my gate; has come to seek me *here?*
I've *met* him, *faced* him, *scorned* him, when the fight was raging <hot.
I'll try his might, I'll brave his power, *defy* and *fear* him *not.*

Ex.—Then, on the ground, while trumpets sound the loudest point of war,
Fling the red< *shred,* a foot-cloth meet, for Henry of Navarre.

Ex.—"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or <fiend!"
I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee *back* into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no *black plume* as a token of that *lie* thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—*quit the bust* above my door!

Take thy *beak* from out *my heart*, and take thy *form*
from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven: "Nevermore."

Beginners are apt in all cases to exhibit mechanical extravagant action under the examples, and also to require from the teacher exaggerated illustration before they can clearly see the application of principles enunciated. Thi however, is a light fault, requiring only time and practice, under proper instruction, to tone down to natural expression.

It is this element used with rising slides of voice and in light explosive form that gives character to such language as the following:

SPEECH OF WALPOLE IN REPROOF OF MR. PITT.

EX.—I have *hitherto* deferred answering the gentleman, who *declaimed*, against the bill, with such fluency and rhetoric, and such vehemence, of gesture; who *charged* the advocates for the expedients now proposed, with having no regard to any interests but their *own*'; and with making laws only to consume paper'; and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and ignorance. Nor, do I *now* answer him for any other purpose, than to *remind* him how little the *clamor of rage* and *petulancy* of *invective*, contribute to the end for which this assembly is called together'; how little the discovery of *truth* is *promoted*,' and the *security*

of the nation *established*, by *pompous diction* and *theatrical emotion.*

Formidable sounds and *furious declamation*, *confident assertions'* and *lofty periods'*, may affect the *young* and *inexperienced;* and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory, by conversing more with those of his *own age*, than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of temper would permit him to attend to those, whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to *rea̍son*, rather than *decla̍im*; and to prefer *justness* of *argument* and an accurate *knowledge* of *facts*\, to *sounding epithets* and *splendid supérlatives'*, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression upon the mind. He would learn, that to *accúse* and *prove̍* are very *different**;* and that *reproaches*, unsuppórted by *evidénce*, affèct ònly the character of *him* that *u̍tters* them.

Excúrsions of fáncy and flights of óratóry, are indeed pardonable in *yoùng mèn*, but in *no óther;* and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak, (that of depreciating the conduct of the administration',) to *pròve* the inconvéniences and injústice of the bill', than barely to *assért* them, with *whatèver magnificence* of *language'*, or *appéarance* of *zèal*, *hònesty*, or *compàssion!*

Section IV.—Compound Stress.

This, being a union of the two elements rad. and van., is thus presented to the eye>< as the voice-form of expression. It closely symbolizes

the radical burst and explosive vanish of sound thus vocalized, as we may observe, in exposition of the passions it interprets. These are chiefly *scorn*, *disagreeable surprise*, strong mental *antagonism*, *contempt*, *aversion*, *mockery*, *sarcasm*, *raillery*. It is truly or simply the application of the *falling* and *rising slides* of voice, hereafter to be discussed, but in this form embodying the volume of the radical and vanishing explosive elements; thus giving *intensity* to passion which the more attenuate and bodyless circumflex inflection cannot fill up in power.

It is confined to impassioned expression, but much used in our speech. The following exercise will be sufficient for voice discipline.

Oh >< indeed >< what

The rest may be practised in speech and examples requiring for a few weeks due attention to their management.

EX.—INDIGNANT SURPRISE. Thou can'st><not!

EX.—PLAYFUL SURPRISE, ASSUMED INDIGNATION.

"*Gráy témples at twenty?*" yes! *white* if you please;
Where the snow-flakes fall >< thickest, there's nothing can freeze.

Ex.—"There is, however, one man, who distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen, and pronounces them, in race, identity, and religion, to be aliens,—to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, to be aliens in religion! ALI><ENS? GOOD><GOD! was >Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the>House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim,> 'Hold! I have seen the aliens do their> *duty*.'"

The following from Croly's CATILINE, replying to the decree of the Senate, offers good example of the rise from strong *inflections* into *compound stress*. The whole speech is full of *force, expulsive* and *explosive orotund, radical* and *vanishing stress*.

Ex.—Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact with the things I loathe?

"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?

Banished! I thank you for't. * * *

Then when the consul has read the decree and orders the lictors to drive the traitor from the temple; *repeating* the opprobrious word in rage and indignation, he gives it the burst and body of the compound stress.

"TRAI><TOR!"——I<GO; but—I RE<TURN! etc.

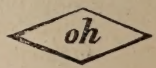
Section V.—Median Stress.

This is so called because its power is exerted on the middle portion of the sound. It is the elocutionary counterpart of the crescendo and diminuendo (or swell) in music, and by its sign <> clearly indicates to the eye the movement of the voice in its execution. Used with care it is one of the happiest vocal efforts, but if carried to excess becomes a marked mannerism.

It is the symbol of thought expressed in *tranquil*, *reverential*, *pathetic*, *sublime*, and solemn emotions, and, *therein*, with effusive form, never abrupt or explosive.

Note.—It is upon this swell that teachers depend for purifying, mellowing, developing and giving flexibility to the voice of the singer; and in conservatories of music years are frequently given to its practice. If, therefore, weeks or months be asked from the reader, whose voice in speech-action, more rapid than in song, has not the opportunity in execution with the singer, it cannot be considered a too long labor—if he be in earnest.

Let the pupil take the syllable *ah*, *awe*, *oh*, and occasionally practice with clear full breathing; beginning softly, gradually increasing to the middle and then diminishing to the close.



Let the practice be in low and softer forms at first, then varied by stronger tones and swell, which will furnish in itself all necessary *praxis.* From this let him turn always to the practical application in reading or speaking such passages as follow:

Ex.—*Slow time, low pitch, median stress, orotund.*

Oh thou whose balance does the mountains weigh.
Whose will the wi◇ld tumul◇tuous *seas obey.*

Ex.—O sing unto the Lo◇rd a new song; sing unto the Lord, all the earth. For the Lord is great and greatly praised; He is to be feared above all gods. For all the nations are idols; but the Lord made the heavens. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; fear before him all the earth.

Ex.— You, sir, *know*
That you, on the canvass, are to *repeat*
Things that are *fairest*, things most *sweet*—
Woods, and *cornfields*, and *mulberry tree*,
The *mother*—the lads—with their birds—at her knee.
But o◇h! that look of reproachful woe!
High as the *heavens* your *name* I'll shout
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

Ex.—Ho◇ly, ho◇ly, ho◇ly Lo◇rd! God of Sabaoth.

Holy, holy, holy Lord!
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame,—
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

When the emotions above referred to swell into grandeur or majesty the *median* takes more of the expulsive form, higher pitch, stronger force, and thus its appropriate and limited use gives pomp, dignity and power to expression, which adapts it to grand and lofty thought, *courage, command, wonder, admiration, enthusiasm, high indignation, remonstrance, adoration, devotion,* and kindred emotions. It is peculiar to *prayer, sacred thought* and *poetry,* which without it seem always commonplace and characterless.

NOTE.—Its abuse or excessive use, like that of thorough stress, leads to a form of stereotyped intonation and "sing-song," as also to an inflated stilted strut of voice that becomes offensive as a mouthing affectation, which must be avoided.

All forms of grand, solemn or sublime thought in prose and poetry present opportunity for praxis, so that many examples need not be added. The following few will make good exercises:

EX.— OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

Expulsive orotund, STRONG MEDIAN STRESS, *slow time*

O thou that roll◇est above! rou◇nd as the shield of my fathers. Whence, are thy *beams,* O sun, thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy *awful beauty;* the *stars hide* themselves in the sky; the *moon,* cold and pale, *sinks* in the Western wave. But, thou, *thysel' movest* alone. Who can be a *companion* of thy course

The *oaks* of the mountains fall; the mountains *themselves decay* with years; the *ocean* shrinks and *grows* again; the moon herself is *lost* in heaven. *But thou* art forever the same, *rejoicing* in the brightness of thy course. When the *world* is dark with tempests; when *thunder rolls* and *lightning flies*; thou *lookest* in thy beauty from the *clouds* and *laughest* at the *storm.*

Ex.—And O,◇if, perchance, there *should* be a sphe◇re
Where, all is *made right*, which so puzzles us here,
Where, the *glare*, and the *glitter*, and *tinsel* of time
Fade and die, in the light of that region, sublime
Where, the *soul*, disenchanted, of flesh and of sense
Unscreened by its *trappings*, and shows, and pretence
Must be clothed, for the life, and the service above
With *purity*, *truth*, *faith*, *meekness*, and *love*;
O, *daughters of Earth!* *Foolish virgins!* *Beware!*
Lest, in that upper realm, *you have nothing to wear!*

Ex.—"Motionless tor◇rents! silent cat◇aracts!
Who, made you glorious, as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who, bade the sun
Clothe you with *rain◇bows?* Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, *spread garlands* at your feet?
God! let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer; and let the *ice plains echo*, God!"

Ex.—Prayer of Henry V. before Agincourt.

Effus. and expul. orotund, STRONG MEDIAN, *imp. force.*

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

K. Hen. O God of battles! *steel* my *soldiers' hearts*;
Possess them *not*, with *fear*; take from them *now*
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them—Not to-day, *O Lo◇rd*,
O, not to-day, *think* not upon the *fault*
My father made in *compassing the crown*!

I Richard's body have *interred* new;
And on it have *bestow'd* more contrite *tea*<>*rs*
Than from it issued *forced drops* of blood;
Five hun<>*dred poor* I have in yearly pay,
Who, *twice a day*, their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and, I have built
Two *chan*<>*tries*, where, the sad and solemn *priests*
Sing *sti*<>*ll*, for Richard's soul. *More wi*<>*ll* I do;
Though *all* that I *can* do is nothing worth,
Since, that my *penitence*, comes, after all,
Implor<>ing par<>don.

STRONG OROTUND, high pitch, FULL MEDIAN STRESS.

EX.—"BRA<>VO," cried Frances, "RIGHT<>LY DO<>NE!"

SECTION VI.—THOROUGH STRESS.

This element is properly used only where the voice, requiring to be strengthened for distance, fills up the tone with body of air and gives it prolonged character which thoroughly sustains and bears the words along; thus closely resembling *force* as before defined.

We rarely hear it in ordinary life, except from the mouths of street pedlars and others crying out their wares. It is altogether out of place in ordinary conversation, reading or discourse, and always marks coarseness or want of true cultivation. It is the ground work of the intoning style

which long reach of sound necessitated in large cathedrals, and which still spoils so much good reading. It is evidence of power in vocality, and is useful in open-air speaking to large crowds and in very large buildings; though its office of former years, which was chiefly to aid the army-herald in conveying messages, standing at safe distances beyond the reach of weapons of those times, is nearly obsolete. Its perfection consists simply in the avoidance of throat-tones; working the abdominal and dorsal muscles; clearly articulating and distinctly forming consonant sounds. In reading, it is necessary in the interpretation of such passage as the following—one of its most hackneyed examples.

EX.—Expul. orotund—THOROUGH STRESS, high pitch.

Rejoice, you men of Angiers! RING *your* BELLS:
King John, YOUR KING *and England's,* doth *approach;—*
Open your gates, and give the *victors way!*

So Rich. III enters, the scene Bosworth Field, seeking and calling with all his voice for Richmond—

King R. What ho! young Richmond, ho! 'tis Richard calls;
I hate thee, Harry, for thy blood of Lancaster.

Now, if thou dost not hide thee from my sword—
Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms
And dying groans transpierce the wounded air—
Richmond, I say! come forth and singly face me!
Richard is hoarse—with daring thee to arms.

With *such stress* also and EXPULSIVE OROTUND should be read the following lines of Henry V—calling from *below* to the governor of Harfleur and citizens on the *city wall.*

King Henry. How yet *resolves* the *governor of the town?*
This, is the *latest parle*, we will *admit;*
Therefore to our best mercy, give yourselves;
Or like to men, *proud of destruction*,
Defy us to our worst: for, as *I am a soldier*,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I *begin* the battery *once again*,
I will not leave the half-*achieved Harfleur*
Till, in her ashes, *she lie buried.*
The gates of *mercy* shall be all *shut up*,
And the *flesh'd soldier*, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand *shall range*
With conscience wide as hell, *mowing like grass*
Your fresh-*fair virgins* and your *flowering infants.*

Owing to the inflexibility which the high pitch employed with this *stress* gives to the voice, it is, when much used, destructive of the grace and finish that other forms of stress tend to develop. It is deplorably too much used in the school-

room where the shouting character of voice ordinarily practised or indulged in class recitations not only vitiates the tastes and manners of the pupils, but also their relish for literature. And it requires no great intelligence or philosophy to trace to this undoubted school abuse and habit the foundation and establishment of the monotony, rigidity, want of modulation and flexibility which mark the speakers from pulpit, bar and platform all over our country.

NOTE.—The author is satisfied that many writers, copying it is feared, one from another, mistake the character of this element and confound it with force. Thus a very intelligent elocutionist defines it as exhibiting *in one and the same sound* that marked force of utterance which, *radical*, *median* and *vanishing stress* would *separately* apply; and then he attributes to it the expression of *rapture*, *joy*, *triumph*, *exultation*, *lofty command*, *indignant emotion*, *disdain* and *excessive grief* (already covered by tremor or other forms of stress), and gives it as follows:

"*Examples of thorough stress:*"

"*Rapture, joy, triumph, exultation.*"

"Expulsive orotund, Impassioned force, Powerful stress."

FROM THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

One may imagine how the "dying christian' who a few lines before exclaims—

> What is this absorbs me quite—
> Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
> Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?

may, in the ecstasy of death with *pure tone* attenuated by weakness to partial aspirate quality utter with the *tremor* of exultation and joy those lines. But how that condition or he, is to assume the *explosive orotund* as one sensible writer suggests, or the tones and expression of the above example, formulated by a very intelligent writer, the present author admits to lie beyond his comprehension; and he prefers to confine thorough stress to the limits herein defined.

Ex. One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near,
So light, to the croupe, the fair lady he swung,
So light, to the saddle, before her he sprung.

She is won! We are gone! Over bank, bush and scaur,
They'll have fleet *steeds* that FOLLOW, quoth young Lochinvar.

SECTION VII.—THE TREMOR.

This, by some, is regarded as a quality of voice, but under such arrangement a difficulty

presents itself in the question, "What quality?" It is rather a condition or intermittent stress of voice, common, and perhaps about equally used with, or applied to all qualities. It is the process resulting from a nervous or irregular motion of the diaphragm, owing to mental disquietude or feeling which conveys through nerve to muscle its negative, deranged, excited or uncertain action. Thus, through their irregular expansion and contraction, the diaphragm quivers or trembles, so to speak, in short rapid elevations and descents, expelling the air spasmodically from the lungs in form of continuous, hysterical pulsations. It resembles the trill, shake or tremolo of the singing voice, and may be thus symbolized ~~~~~~ Under the above process it is created deep down in the throat, first dropping the jaw and after the manner of light laughter, throwing rapid percussive action on the diaphragm and thereby into voice, thus breaking impassioned *force* into abrupt stress, and ejecting it like little balls or jets of sound oooooooooooo

NOTE.—Take the sound hŏh—let the jaw fall, and attempt a light, hearty laugh; then a little stronger—again still stronger, keeping the air in forceful pressure

from the lungs, and continue long as possible. Thus for full exercise, practice upon the various elemental sounds, syllables and words in varied pitch until the tremor become easy and natural in its execution. If difficult to effect by the pupil a few minutes illustration by the teacher is worth pages of written instruction, as no difficulty is really present when the voice action is once acquired.

It is the natural expression of *physical weakness, enfeebled age, infirmity, grief* and *consequent emotions*, but is employed with varied qualities of voice expressing many passions—*exultation, joy, mirth, rapture, grief, sorrow, deep distress, scorn, contempt, sarcasm, derision, mockery, fiendish glee, chuckling revenge*, etc.

It must always be accompanied by feeling or passion, and generally strikes the emphatic words, except in *extreme age, great excitement, strong emotion, debility*, when it may pervade almost the entire utterance, as in the following old ballad:

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh, give relief! and heaven will bless your store.

Oh, take me to your hospitable dome!
Cold blows the wind and piercing is the cold;
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

The other extreme is exhibited in malignant thought, fiendish glee or joy, as in Shylock's impassioned exultation and chuckle over the news of Antonio's losses which he thinks are to bring about his plotted revenge.

Voice qualities, guttural and *aspirate*, high *pitch*, rapid *movement. Tremor throughout.*

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—
Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?
Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.
Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?
Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.
Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

So also it is shown in the rapid revulsion to deep grief which seizes Shylock in the next sentence when reminded of his own loss.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.
Shy. Thou stickst a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!
Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.
Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

And so in his grief which pervades the following—the voice movement retarded, as it always is in grief—supplemented also in this example by rising slides and querulous tone.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.

Again in pure grief, as Milton P. L., Book x, 914, makes EVE address—"With tears that ceased not flowing, and tresses all disordered," her contemptibly mean and selfish husband; who while spurning and cursing her for generous, loving act—overlooks his own brainless indiscretion.

EX.—PURE TONE, SLOW TIME and TREMOR THROUGHOUT.

Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness heaven
What love sincere—and—reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and—unweeting have offended
Unhappily deceived—thy suppliant
I beg, and *clasp thy knees.* Bereave me not
Whereon I live—thy gentle looks—thy aid—
Thy counsel, in this—*uttermost distress*—
My only strength and stay; forlorn of thee
Whither—shall I betake me, where—subsist?
While yet we live—scarce one short hour perhaps—

Between us two, let there be peace,
* * * * * On me exercise not
Thy *hatred* for this *misery*, befallen—
On me already *lost*—me, than thyself,
More miserable; both have sinned, but *thou*
Against *God* only, I, 'gainst God and *thee;*
And, to the place of judgment, will return
There—with my cries—*importune* heaven, that all
The *sentence* from thy head, *removed*—may light
On *me*, sole cause—to thee—of all this *woe*
Me, *only* me—just object of his ire.

It is worth the effort of the reader and speaker to dwell on this element of stress, for it is nature's true exponent of her most sensitive and expressive sympathy. So universal is its action that it is hardly confined to humanity, but finds its counterpart in lower nature. The bleating of the lamb and other symbols in the inferior animal are of like physiology, and convey to our ear the sense of similar emotions there. Its presence speaks the thrill that moves the lover's heart; the delicate sensibility that trembles in the sympathy of friend; the penitential thought that bursts from sinner's breast; and without it many of the most beautiful and captivating passages of our literature fail of the charm which inspired their authors.

Ex.—Luke xviii: 9. Two men went up into the temple to pray, &c. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus, etc.
13. And, the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

Ex.—PURE TONE, IMPASSIONED EXPULSIVE FORCE, TREMOR throughout.

AGONIZING APPEAL.—LALLA ROOKH.

O, could'st thou but *know*
With what a *deep devotedness* of woe
I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
Thinking of *thee—still* thee, 'till *thought* grew *pain*
And *memory*, like a drop, that, night and day
Falls cold and ceaseless, *wore* my *heart* away.
Did'st thou but know, how *pale I sat* at home
My *eyes* still turned the *way* thou wert to *come*
And all the long, *long night* of hope and fear
Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
O God! Thou would'st not wonder that *at last*
When every hope, was, all at once, o'ercast
When I heard frightful *voices* round me *say*
Azim is dead! my wretched brain gave way
And I became, a wreck, at random driven
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven.

Ex.— TRIUMPH, EXULTATION, RAPTURE.
TREMOR, ASPIRATED PURE TONE, *quick time, subdued force.*

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

The world recedes—it disappears
Heaven opens on mine eyes! mine ears
With sound seraphic ring
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

Ex.—Ecstacy, Joy. Jennie Brown, *Relief of Lucknow.*

Tremor, high pitch, quick time, expulsive force.

"The Highlanders! O dinna ye hear
The Slogan far awa?
The Macgregors! O! I ken it weel,
Its the grandest o' them a!"
"God bless the bonny Highlanders!
We're saved! We're saved! she cried,
And fell on her knees and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Ex.— Gladsome Joy.

Tremor, *rapid median stress, pure quality, high pitch.*

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-Year;
Of all the glad New-Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

"I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

UNDER FORCE AND STRESS let it be finally added that very many, *with very good voices*, make very bad reading owing to some mannerism; it may be a *drawling-apathy*, a *monotonous intonation*, a *stereotyped cadence*, a measured recurrence of *inflection*, a want of *sparkle* or *brightness* in voice, etc., each or all of which must be broken up before good reading can be effected. For such and for students generally the following selections are inserted as most salient exercises for cultivation of *force and stress* under various forms above discussed, and *therein* for the certain eradication of the defects referred to.

NOTE.—The special object of this work is not to teach certain pieces for recitation, but rather to prepare the voice for speaking, reading, or reciting all "pieces." *The selections* therefore have in addition to their force and beauty the higher purpose of applied utility.

EX.—THE BATTLE OF NASEBY—MACAULAY.

Chiefly *Expul.* and *Explo. Orotund*—do. *force* and *stress*.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North,
With your *hands* and your *feet* and your *rai*ment all *red?*
And *where*fore doth your *rout* send *forth* a joyous *shout?*
And *whence* be the *grapes* of the *wine*-press which ye *tread?*

Oh, *evil* was the *root*, and *bitter* was the *fruit*,
And *crim*son was the *juice* of the *vint*age that we *trod;*
For we *tram*pled on the *throng* of the *hau*ghty and the *strong*,
Who *sate* in the high *places* and *slew* the saints of *God*.

It was about the *noon* of a glorious day of *June*,
That we saw their banners *dance* and their cuirasses *shine;*
And the man of *Blood* was *there*, with his long essenced hair,
And *Astley* and Sir *Marmaduke* and *Rupert* of the Rhine!

Like a servant of the Lord, with his *Bible* and his *sword*,
The *General* rode along us to form us for the fight,
When a *murmuring sound* broke out, and *swelled* into a *shout*,
Among the *godless horsemen* upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!—
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks;—grasp your pikes;—close your ranks;—
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here;—they rush on! We are broken—we are gone;—
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound;—the centre hath given ground;
Hark! hark! What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys?—'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys!
Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar.
And he—he turns, he flies!—shame to those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your guest secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades;
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, for ever down, with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the Pope;
There is woe in Oxford Halls; there is wail in Durham's Stall;
The Jesuit smites his bosom; the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear, shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.

Ex.— From SONG OF THE STARS.—BRYANT.
Rapid median and rad. stress, high pitch.

* * * * * *

"Away\', *away*\', through the wide, *wide sky*,
The fair, blue fields that before us lie;
Each *sun*, with the worlds that round him roll,
Each *planet*, *poi*sed on her turning pole,
With her *isles of green*, and her *clouds of white*,
And her *waters* that *lie* like fluid light'.

* * * * * *

"Away\', away\'! In our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air, wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas, and fountains that shine with morn,
See\', *love* is *brood*ing, and *life is born*\',
And breathing myriads, are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light\'.

"Glide *on*\', in your beauty, ye *youth*ful *sphe'res*,
To weave the dance that measures the years.

Glide *on*\, in glory and gladness *sent*
To the farthest *wall* of the firmament\,
The *bound*less, *vis*ible smile, of Him,
To the *veil* of whose *brow* our lamps are dim."

EX —From THE VOICE OF SPRING.—Mrs. Hemans.

Rapid movement, high pitch, orotund, rad. and dim. stress.

I come, I come! Ye have *called* me *long*,
I come o'er the *mountains*, with *light* and *song*,
Ye may *trace* my *step* o'er the wakening *earth*,
By the *winds* which *tell* of the *vi*olets *birth*,
By the *prim*rose *stars*, in the shadowy *grass*,
By the *green leaves*, *op*ening, as I *pass*.

* * * * * *

I have *look*ed on the *hills* of the stormy *North*
And the *larch* has *hung* all his tassels *forth*,
The *fisher* is out on the stormy *sea*
And the *reindeer bounds* o'er the *pas*tures *free*,
And the *pine* has a *fringe* of *soft*er *green*
And the *moss* looks *bright*, where my *foot* hath been.

* * * * * *

From the *streams* and *founts* I have *loosed* the chain
They are *swee*ping on, to the silvery main,
They are *flash*ing *down*, from the mountain brows
They are flinging *spray* o'er the forest *boughs*
They are *burst*ing, fresh, from their *sparry caves*
And the earth re*sounds* with the *joy* of *waves*

* * * * * *

Away from the *dwell*ings of care-worn *men*
The *waters* are *spark*ling, in grove and glen
Away from the *cham*ber, and sullen *hearth*
The young *leaves* are *danc*ing in breezy *mir*th
Their light stems *thrill*, to the wildwood *strains*
And *youth* is *abroad* in my *green domains*.

Both of these poems in full, with such sparkling compositions as the following, and others from Moore's melodies, are proper antidotes for the defective voice action last above mentioned.

Hail to thee! hail to thee kindling Power!
Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave who blushing unite
Like the sun and wave, when they meet at night,
By the tear that shows when passion is high
As the rain-drop flows from the heat of the sky
By the first love beat of the youthful heart
By the bliss to meet and the pain to part
By all that thou hast to mortals given,
Which—O could it last, this earth were heaven!

We call thee, hither, entrancing Power!
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

LALLA ROOKH.

Wreathe the *bowl*, with flowers of soul
The brightest wit can *find* us
We'll take a *flight*, toward *heaven*, to-night
And *leave* dull *earth* behind us
Should *love* amid the wreaths be hid,
That Joy, the enchanter, brings us
No danger fear, while wine is near,
We'll drown him, if he *stings us*.
Then wreathe the bowl, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Qualities of Voice.—Pure Tone.

The phenomenon of voice and its articulation being understood, the first thing to be sought in the commencement of proper elocutionary training is the ability to make pure, clear tones. And as this depends altogether upon correct management of breath, it may be desirable, especially for older pupils, who as a rule do not relish long lessons in breathing, to adopt such exercises as with the above preliminary instructions in the natural office of using the lungs and vocal organs, will serve to continue and enforce simultaneously the principles of breathing and voice culture.

Pure Tone, which is the clear, untainted quality of the voice in healthy physical condition, preserved from vicious influences of school training, nasal peculiarities, etc., commonly prevailing, is in fact a milder, softer, subdued form of that highest quality, the Orotund. But let us accept it as a distinct quality for structural purposes and

conditions, using it here, as above suggested, to perfect thorough breathing, and therein as a basis of larger voice development in the orotund.

To ENUNCIATE CLEARLY and carefully, to keep the breath moving regularly, to exercise a sparing economy in its emission, converting it into voice, is absolutely necessary to the formation of the soft and liquid quality of this tone.

It is attained by much the same process as laid down for firm, natural breathing, namely:

Keep the *tongue flat* as possible in the mouth, the *pharynx well expanded* and pressed back, the *head erect*, the *uvula raised*; then with tranquil pressure of the *abdominal muscles* and diaphragm urge the air through the glottis in clear, smooth, compact volume against the palate.

This will give *the effusive pure tone*, which is used in the expression of pleasing, tranquil thought, pathos, solemnity.

And the best practice is upon words containing long vowels, as in the following:

LONG SOUND OF A AS IN FATE, AID, LACE.
OCCASIONAL SOUND OF E AS IN ERE, ALSO EI-IN FEINT.

NOTE.– Let the student mark and obey the instructions as to position and breathing in Chap. III, intended for all exercises.

Ex.—The p*a*triots *a*te the *a*pricots and presented br*a*celets for l*a*tent p*a*triotism, s*a*pient m*a*gi and p*a*triotic p*a*trons who patronized or g*a*ve their patronage to the Cauc*a*sian r*a*ce. They c*a*tered for the r*a*diant st*a*mens, s*a*lient, squ*a*lor and the h*a*lo gr*a*tis. The M*a*lay m*a*tron tore the c*a*mbric and m*a*de a c*a*ret for the *ei*ghteen carat gold ti*a*ra which *e*re a dec*a*de the h*ei*nous B*e*y will l*ay* as a pr*e*y in the E*y*rey and in gr*a*ve ob*ei*sance to the D*e*y present with bou-q*uét* at the matin*eé*.

LONG SOUND OF E AS IN METE, SEAL, FEAR, KEEP. OCCASIONAL SOUND OF I AND Y—AS IN MACHINE.

Ex.—He *vee*red from his theme and *chee*red the *dea*n whose *ze*al *nee*ded no *hea*t to *fee*l the *e*vil which the sacri*le*gious sch*e*me would br*ee*d. *Cæ*sar's *e*dict sealed by the *E*dile l*ea*ves prec*e*dence to the l*ea*gue, and his *ea*gles sh*rie*ked a pæan on the *lea*. The S*heik*'s b*ea*rd which pre*ce*ded the *e*poch of t*re*mors str*ea*med like a *me*teor, and the *e*gotist seemed pleased with his *plen*ary *lei*sure. The *peo*ple held the *fie*nd a*men*able for je*e*ring his *lie*ge, and *tea*sed the po*lice* of the bast*ile* to se*i*ze the mandar*in* for his cap*rice* at the magaz*ine*, while the u*nique* financ*ier* fa*tigued* with his an*tique* bombaz*ine* v*alise* retre*a*ted through the rav*ine* and ate verdig*ris* to rel*ieve* the cri*tique*.

LONG SOUND OF I—AS IN PINE, FILE, FIND.
STRONG SOUND OF Y—AS IN ALLY, MAGNIFY.

NOTE.—This is one of the strong, stately and dignified sounds of our language, often much abused by attenuation. To obtain its fulness, open the teeth about half an inch, breathe

strongly as if pronouncing ah—and let the sound move, as the mouth closes, into ē. Thus, ah—e, putting as it were, a pompous egotism into the pronunciation.

Ex.—The Gen*tiles* ob*li*ged their ca*nine* and fe*line* tribes to use q*uinine* and *iod*ide of *i*ron with sac´cha*rine l*ilacs in their wines to ex´pe*dite* the cure of bron*chi´*tis. The *grind*stone and car*bine* lie length*wise* on the ho*rizon*, and a *ti*ny levi´athan on the he*i*ghts of A*by*-dos, as*pires* to *sigh* through the *mi*croscop´ic cal*li´*o-pe. The e*dile li*kes s*pike*-nard for his *mice* that lie in tri´ads down the *aisle* since the *bi´*nary digest of the chrys´o*lite* was *hi*red as a *tia´*ra by the ch*oir*. The *ir*as´cible *it*in´erant became *ir*ate over the *bi*og´raphy of the *gi*gantic *ty*pograph´ic *id*olator whose *bi*en´nial *di*lem´ma *pri´*marily presented the *i*déa as a *crite´*rion which would min´*ify* or mag´ni*fy* the power to proph´e*sy* or rather the power of prophecy in Ju*ly*.

LONG SOUND OF O—AS IN NOTE, FOAL, TOW, SORE.

NOTE.—Let the teeth be opened wide enough to insert the top of the forefinger, the mouth rounded and lips slightly protruded, the tongue kept flat.

Ex.—The *old* *do*ge fol*d*ed his c*lo*ak and *lo*th to show his depth of woe broke slowly into joke about the vote that woke no hope. Th*o*se p*o*les we st*o*le from the hol*low*, yel*low*, wil*low* *o*sier gr*o*w*i*ng by the m*oa*t, and from the win-*dow* of the coach beheld the son*o´*rous y*eo*man hoe pota´*toes* in a *ro*w. *Jo*b came home from Rome and p*ou*red tal*low* over the bo*log*na r*oa*sting on the br*oa*ch, although the preco´cious widow holds her gold br*oo*ch as a t*ro*phy before the fel*low's* nose. The *beau* stole

the *haut*'boy and flam'*beaux* from the bu'*reau* of the cha*teau*, and *sew*ed them in his port-man'*teau* with the *shew*bread and har*row* of the pla*teau*.

SOUND OF O LONG AND CLOSE, AS IN MOVE, PROVE, FOOD.

This sound is made with the teeth less widely open, and the lips more protruded than the former sound *o*. Keep tongue flat in mouth.

Ex.—The poor l*oon* would *und*o his *sho*e in the b*oom*, and soon gr*ew* *rud*e as a bootless *trou*'bad*our*; the *sooty* *cou*rier acc*ou*tred like a g*our*'mand stoops to gam *boge* the g*oo*se for a *dou*ceur; by c*oup*-de-main the y*ou*thful *zoo*zoo ch*oo*ses to w*oo* the r*ue*ful J*ew* whose un*couth* sn*oo*d it be*hoves* the m*oo*dy *tour*ist to l*oo*p to his dr*oo*ping sur*tout* lest some b*oo*by sh*oo*t the *bou*sy n*oo*dle *moor*ing his ca*noe* to the m*oo*n, and like a *goose*'berry fool receive his *doo*m by a *trous-de-loup*.

IN ALL EXERCISES pupils should be particular to secure true and exact pronunciation of words, pure and correct sounds of the elements, such being absolutely essential to good elocution.

REFINED PRONUNCIATION depends principally on the pure and correct sounding of the *vowels* and *diphthongs* in their syllabic arrangement.—DISTINCTNESS, in like manner, on the clear enunciation of the *consonants*.

No excuse will justify the following and similar slovenly pronunciations.

Invested as Invest*id.*	Sweetest as Sweet*ist.*
Innocent as In*ni*cent.	Violence as Vi*ulunce.*
Bloodless as Blood*liss.*	Tremendous as Tremen*dious.*
Garments as Gar*munts.*	Loveliest as Lovel*iist.*
Ignorant as Ig*nurunt.*	Society as *Sussity.*
Shameless as Shame*liss.*	Covetous as Covet*ious.*
Kept as *Kep*, etc.	Wept as *Wep*, etc.

PRECISION in these matters requires care lest we carry such to excess, and relying too much on analogy commit grave blunders. There is no advice so good as that which suggests a constant consultation of your dictionary, for our language is only moving to perfection. No rules are yet formulated as absolute guides, and what often seems directly analogous pronunciation cannot be relied upon, for on highest authorities

Fellows is pron. Fell*oz.*	Yet Bellows is pron. Bellus.
Fallows is pron. Fall*oz.*	Yet Gallows is pron. Gallus.

IT IS VERY DESIRABLE AND NECESSARY to impress upon readers the importance of avoiding slovenly pronunciation, and upon teachers the impropriety of permitting the establishment of such habits, which would not exist if word pro-

nunciation were attended to instead of single elemental sounds. An extract from the letter of a reasonably intelligent boarding-school Miss presents a fair illustration of this abuse.

"I almost wish there were no vowels in our language, I "am so tired of puckering my mouth into such silly "forms for their pronunciation. We spent all last year "on them, I filled up two copy-books, and then knew "nothing of them till you taught me. Now we are "going over them again. While in the face of all, "our teacher in her reading and conversation says 'git' "for get, and 'uv' for of, 'toon' for tune, 'en rowt' for "'*en route*,' etc., besides I am afraid I am getting those "horrid sepulchral tones; I do not want any more les-"sons, but I am afraid of making her angry."

And the worst feature of it is that the schoolgirl is correct. It is often cause of wonder that intelligent pupils tolerate so much.

LONG SOUND OF U	AS IN JUNE, TUBE, SUIT, PLUME.
" EW	FLEW, SLEW, NEW, DEW.

There is no vowel in our language so much abused as the *long u*, which in spite of the fact that no orthoepist or authority in English can be found to support such, is almost universally pronounced as "*oo*." Americans so careful of their *duties* to the State, so justly proud of their *constitution*, yet regardless of all rule, are very rarely heard to pronounce either word correctly;

but constantly talk of their "d*oo*ties" to the constit*oo*tion, etc.

There can be found no lexicographer to sanction such pronunciation, and our own Webster and Worcester, the highest in the world, consume about half a quarto page in denouncing it. Still, educated ladies and gentlemen in drawing-rooms and in public; teachers and professors in schools and in universities; ignorant elocutionists and learned theologians, on platform and in pulpit, continue its abuse in at least nineteen-twentieths of the words where it is used.

A lawyer talks of *soo*ing a *doo* bill, or putting a note in *soot* as soon as it ma*toors*.

A teacher tells you of the d*oo*ty of scholars to t*oo*ters as discussed at last Saturday's institoot.

A public reader and professor of elocution will take the stage, and following vile pronunciations prove himself unfitted for a teacher in hundreds of readings such as these:

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the *doo* and forfeit of my bond:
* * * *
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing *soot* against him.

And a learned doctor of divinity does not seem ashamed to read:

"Therefore they shall be as the morning cloud and as the early *doo* (dew) that passeth away."

Some time ago, in teaching, the author improvised for a class of ladies the following doggerel in order to arrest their attention in this regard, which, answering the purpose so well, has not since been changed, and is here submitted as an exercise:

I presume that the tune
You assume to be new
Was known to the duke
And his flutist ere you
Ever heard of a lute,
Or the flute that he blew;
That the dew on the grass,
And the note that is due,
With the words constitution,
And plume, flume and flew,
With hundreds beside
Which contain the long u,
Sound just as absurdly,
Pronounced as men do,
To the ear of the scholar,
The student, the muse,
As to say we refoose it
Instead of refuse.

The intelligent reader will concede that the above is not intended as a sample of first-class

poetry; yet, as a matter of scholarship and taste, we might as well assert such as to be guilty of reading it after the manner of many teachers and reasonably educated people.

I pres*oo*m that the toon
You ass*oo*m to be *noo*
Was known to the *dook*
And the fl*oo*tist ere you
Ever heard of a *loot*
Or the *floot* that he bl*oo*, etc.

Let us assume a not unlikely case. A young gentleman at an evening party sits down to the piano and sings. The company is pleased, and a young lady graduate remarks, "I pres*oom* that t*oo*n is *noo*," and the company "presooms" it also without any special shock. A short time after, the young gentleman pressed, at refreshment, to accept more grapes or bon-bons, replies, "I beg you will ex*coose* me, I must *refoose* you as I have still a *foo*." The whole company stare in wonder at him, and his ignorance is pitied.

Yet why? He has been guilty of no grosser mispronunciation than the young lady who "pres*oom*ed the *toon* was *noo*."

Before quitting this part of our subject, it may

be necessary to remind pupils that these remarks apply only to the long sound of u; also that u and its cognates are never found long after *r*, but take always the modified sound of *oo* in *moon* or *o* in *move;* as—*rude, true, crew, drew, crude, cherubim, erudite, garrulous, &c.* They also take that sound after *s* when it has the sound of *sh*—as *sure, sugar,* mens*ur*ation, commens*ur*ate, etc.

Now there may be a thousand ways of attempting to excuse these errors, for man is an ingenious animal, but there *is no excuse.* It is ignorance, the result of careless education, and it is not confined to the abuse of the long *u,* of which only the present section treats. There is much need of good elocution in our schools; much need that teachers, professors, doctors of divinity and others, who justly enough smile at its use and abuse *in the hands of ignorant instructors,* should know how broad and comprehensive is the subject they neglect, yet so much require.

For practice on this quality of voice, let pupils read the following selections as marked:

NOTE.—Let it be observed that occasional extracts and selections throughout this treatise are, after examples given, sometimes left unmarked in part or in whole so as to afford opportunity for pupils to exercise their own judgment.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

PURE TONE—*slow time—moderate pitch—smooth median and dim. stress.*

1. *Nearer*, my *God*, to *thee*,
   NEARER to thee:
   Even though it be a *cross*
   That raiseth me,
   Still-all my *song* shall be,
   Nearer–my God–to thee,
   Nearer to thee.

2. Though–like a wanderer,—
   Daylight all gone,
   Darkness be *over* me,
   My *rest*–a *stone*,
   Yet–in my DREAMS–I'd be
   Nearer–my God–to thee,
   Nearer to thee.

3. There–let the *way* appear
   Steps, unto heaven;
   All–that thou *sendest* me—
   In mercy given,
   Angels–to *beckon* me
   Nearer–my God–to thee,
   Nearer to thee.

4. *Then*–with my waking thoughts
   Bright–with thy praise—
   Out of my stony griefs,
   BETHEL–I'll raise;
   So-by my WOES–to be
   Nearer-my God–to thee,
   Nearer to thee.

5. Or–if on *joyful wing*,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, *moon*, and *stars forgót*,
Upward–I fly,—
Still–all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

[S. F. ADAMS.

THE LOST CHORD.

PURE TONE—*slow time—moderate pitch—smooth median and dim. stress.*

Seated, one day, at the organ,
I was weáry, and,–ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy kèys.

I do not *knów*, whát I was *playing*,
Or what I was *dréaming* then;
But—I *strùck* one *chòrd of mùsic*
Like the *soùnd* of a great amèn.

It *flooded* the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay, on my fevered spirit,
With a *touch*, of ìnfinite *càlm*.

It *quieted páin* and *sôrrow*
Like lòve overcòming strife—
It *seemed* the harmonious *echo*
Of our discórdant *life*.

It *linked* all perpléxéd *meanings*
Into one pèrfect *peàce*,
And *trembled* away into *sìlence*
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought,—but—I seek it váinly
That one lost chord *divìne*
That came from the *sòul of the organ*
And *entered* into *mine.*

It may be that *Dêath's* bright *àngel*
Will speak in that chord *agàin,*
It mày be–that–only–*in Heaven*
I shall *hear—that gràna àmèn.*

[ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

PURE TONE—*slow time—moderate pitch—smooth median and dim. stress.*

Chisel in hand–stood a *sculptor boy*
With his *marble block*, before him,
And, his *face* lit up, with a *smile of joy*
As an angel *dream passed* o'er him.
He *carved* that dream on the *yielding stone*
With many a sharp *incision;*
In *Heaven's* own *light*, the sculptor *shone*—
He had *caught*—that angel vision.

Scùlptors of life are *wè*, as we stand
With our lives *uncárven*, before us,
Waiting the *hour*, when, at God's command
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let *us* carve it then, on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
Its heavenly *beauty*, shall be our own—
Our *lives*—that àngel vision.

Section II.—The Monotone.

This may be considered rather as a character or condition than as a distinct *quality* of voice. Yet it has one special office, as below treated, and is, as an exercise, the most beneficial and potent in its effects on voice. *The advantages* arising from it cannot be overrated, and depend much upon faithful, continued practice, which should be started about middle register of voice and reduced at each repetition until barely audible.

Note.—Keep the mouth formed as directed in pure tone, the tongue flat, uvula well raised, larynx depressed and a *full volume* of air passing through the well-opened glottis. Keep the tones always level, full and round, the vowels clear and pure in their enunciation, and free from fusion with the consonant sounds. Thus it is employed in solemnity, sublimity, reverence, awe, etc.

Ex. High-on-a-throne-of-ro-yal-state,-which-far
Out-shone-the-wealth-of-Or-mus-and-of-Ind;
Or-where-the-gor-geous-east,-with-rich-est-hand,
Showers-on-her kings,-bar-ba-ric-pearl-and-gold,
Sa-tan-ex-alt-ed-sat.

This is one of the most effective exercises, and is to be read slowly in syllabic divisions as here given. Let it be a standing practice.

This character of voice, although properly a slow, continuous, level tone, is capable of some variety, and in deep solemnity it may be sometimes moved from higher to lower key, and with also quick or slow movement, long and sustained quantity and organ tone, or with staccato action. There may be also an occasional exceptional syllable perceptibly departing from the monotone into slight inflection, as in cases of pause, termination of sentences, etc.; for properly speaking, we can make no sound absolutely uninflected. In practice, however, maintain as clearly and nearly as possible the even level tone.

THE MONOTONE has its special province, the *supernatural*, being the only quality or character of voice employed in such impersonation or interpretation. Hence, readings like the following in prolonged and level tones form the most effective practice.

NOTE.—Let this mark —— represent the monotone.

Ex. GHOST.—I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List—List—O List!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder, etc.
—HAMLET, ACT 1, SC. 5.

The voice, however, is confined to the *rigid effusive* only in the truly *supernatural*, where, as in the above example, it takes very little inflection or undulation. In truth, the confinement of the voice to one unchanging character is in itself the evidence of the *unnatural* or supernatural It is from this fact that elocution through simple philosophy deduces the principle for thus employing it, and therefore should monotonous readers take note of the unnatural condition to which they sometimes reduce themselves.

In solemnity, sublimity, reverence and the like, the monotone in its effusive and expulsive forms is much employed in *scripture reading, prayer, etc.*, of which the field of example is so wide that the student may choose ad libitum.

Ex.—Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he; as the waters fail from the sea and the flood decayeth and dryeth up, so man lieth down and riseth not; till the heavens be no more they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep.

Ex. Holy! holy! holy Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.

When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.

With an occasional rise into the orotund, this is the voice tone or quality essentially adapted to church service, and with the appropriate use of the median stress need never assume that drowsy, meaningless intonation too often heard. No tone is as reverent as that in which it may out-pour "the confession."

Ex. Almighty and most merciful Father; we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep; we have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy law. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou those who are penitent according to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Section III.—The Orotund.

After a fair practice in the foregoing exercises for pure tone, etc., to which the pupil must occasionally return, it is next most desirable to pursue its larger development, application and management in the orotund. The praxis and instruction here is perhaps the most important duty of the teacher, certainly the most requisite study of the pupil. No greater mistake exists than the neglect of these preliminaries, and the teacher who simply proposes the recitation of pieces without due cultivation of the voice, should be warily dealt with. It is a very easy matter to make pupils believe they have fine voices and need not waste time in rudimentary exercises. In truth, even very intelligent and earnest pupils are generally pleased to hear such and escape practice, so strong is the desire to plunge into the preparation of some "piece" for immediate exhibition; just as the beginner in a modern language is tickled with a few little phrases which he parades before friends to insinuate his progress or familiarity with the tongue.

It is sufficiently known that the voice, like every other instrument, requires training and

being kept in tune; so that our first duty in its management is to inform ourselves of the proper means by which this is effected. Therefore, throughout the various sections which deal with voice, it is proposed to set forth gradually and fully, by exercise and example, the developing and establishing process.

THE OROTUND, which is only the more finished and enlarged pure tone, may be considered the true voice, of which all other qualities are modifications effected by the varied action of the vocal organism, producing changes which under their several names are employed as symbols of thought, representing or interpreting the varied emotions and passions of our nature.

To produce this quality in its perfection, demands the most thorough action of the vocal mechanism, the fullest pressure of the muscles, giving increased energy to the lungs, and forcing or propelling through the glottis into the fully expanded resonance chambers of the voice the largest and most compact column of air. Thus the vocal cords are made to give full length and broad vibrations. The harmonics blend more softly and sweetly in the full-arched cavity of the

mouth, moulding and rounding all into those strong sonorous tones that shake the space around us when in form of words we send them forth.

Being a combination of *pure tone*, *volume* and *force*, it is the true symbol of dignified and kindred emotions; the voice in which the mind is wont to issue messages of grandeur, sublimity and conscious power, the tone of eloquence, high thought and fervor. In its impressive solemnity and force it is the medium of prayer and praise, of pulpit reading, and of pulpit speaking. It is, in short, the *Voice of Oratory* and the grandest quality of spoken sound.

It is then the more satisfactory to know that it is purely the result, in nearly all cases, if not in all, of cultivation and effort. It is a too common opinion and mistake, that a good voice is, like beauty, a gift, endowment or charm, only here and there bestowed. This is not admitted in training schools of music, which insist that every voice can and must utter pure tones under proper cultivation, and it is found universally true. So with the *orotund;* it is within the reach of all with whom no physical disability exists; and is, when acquired, not only less

fatiguing and free from danger to the organs than any, but is the most invigorating and easily sustained of any vocal action that our speech requires. Care should be taken for its proper acquirement under good instruction, and when acquired that it be not tortured into abuse, assuming forms of rant and bombast. This is too often the case, and close attention of the teacher is required to guard against it while practising.

NOTE.—In view of remarks occasionally heard about ladies voices, it is here suggested before entering on these further exercises that lady pupils should consult *Note*, page 48; also VI, pages 21–22.

BEARING NOW IN MIND that no *mere theoretical knowledge* will serve the reader or the speaker's purpose; that correct and properly directed exercises can alone strengthen and purify the voice tones, and that the exercises must be fairly practised and adhered to for reasonable time, we may accept the following instructions as preliminary thereto:

KEEP THE LARYNX.....well expanded and pressed back.
THE PHARYNX.....depressed or lowered.
THE TONGUE.....flat and well down at root.
THE UVULA.....raised as seen in plate.
THE MOUTH.....fairly open and lips well rounded.
THE BREATH.....compactly directed against palate.

Let there be an energetic action of abdominal, and sometimes, in strong tones, of dorsal muscles, propelling a full column of air from the lungs through the glottis and open mouth.

This, it will be seen, differs little from the organic arrangement for pure tone except in the depression of the larynx and action of the dorsal muscles to give depth and additional power.

There are sounds produced by certain favorable elemental combinations which, to establish this orotund quality, more thoroughly and rapidly operate upon the parts involved. Of these the following exercises may be accepted as among the best. The student must give them faithful practice, and the result will be satisfactory.

Attending to above instructions and taking position and directions as before, read the following in middle pitch of voice, breathing between each word and throwing stress of voice on diphthong sounds—*Expulsive form.*

SOUND OF H—as in HEART, HALL, HATE, HOW, HAD.

NOTE.—This is the simple aspirate of our language, and consists in a forceful expiration against the vocal cords. It is one of the best breathing exercises, because almost any single word beginning with this letter will exhaust the breath and compel new supply. Say *hold* and satisfy yourself.

Ex.—His *high*-ness *holds high his haugh*-ty *head* and *exhib*-its *him*-self to the *hi*-larious *hor*de who ex*hal*-ed *he*art-y *hor*-ror in the *hu*-mid *hall.* The *hard heart*-ed *hedge hog heed*-less of his *hav*-oc of the *house*-wife's *ham hies home*-wards *hap*-py to *have his head, his hands* and *his heart whole.* The *harm*-less *hum*-ming bird *hur*-tles through the *hot-house* and ex-*horts* his ex-*haust*-ed *hire*-*ling* to *hold* his *hob*-by *hor*se till *har*-vest *home. Hold, hold,* thy *heart*-less *har*-ping, *hear*'st thou not *his hur*-ried *hope*-less *hu*-mil-ity. *Hold* and *hie* thee *home*-wards.

SOUND OF BROAD A, as in FALL, HAUL, WALK, WARM.

Ex.—The splendor f*a*lls on castle *walls* and *calls* for *shawls* app*all'e*d the cow-ard hearts of *all.* His *vault*-ing *daugh*-ter *haul*-ed the *dau* phin in the *sauce*-pan and *thought* the *haugh*-ty *au*-thor dined on *nau*-seous *sau*-sages. The *pal*-try *sauce*-box *waltz*-ed on *Cau*-casus, and the *au*-burn *pal*-fry drew *lau*-rel *plau*-dits, *al*-beit the *naugh*-ty *dwarf* got the *groat* through the *fau*-cet and *taught* his *fal*-con to *thwart* the *mawk*-ish *gaw*-key if *caught* in *au*-tumn. He crossed the *salt wa*-ter in a *squall* and *draw*-ing his *fal*-chion in*stall*-ed the *au*-tocrat who *talk*-ed of *naught* but *haugh*-tily de*fraud*-ing the green *sward* of its *bal*-dric *awn*-ing.

PUPILS MUST BEAR CONSTANTLY IN MIND that the selections herein are *voice-building* exercises rather than "*readings,*" and are chosen on account of their special aptness to the end in view. Take again the following, before used, but practise them in different form,—for *exercises* now on the expulsive orotund.

NOTE.—Until practise has fully established the correct vocal action attend to the instructions above given, as to arrangement of organs. In this Ex. as now employed, make the diphthong sounds strong and full—the vowels clear, and consonants distinct—first, fourth and fifth lines slow; second and third lines rapid movement—high pitch.

Ex.—*How-now*,-spirit,-whither-wander-you ?—
*O*ver-hill, *o*ver-dale,-thoro'-bush,-thoro'-brier,
*O*ver-park, *o*ver-pale,-thoro'-flood,-thoro'-fire,
I do wander-every where,—
Swifter-than-the moones-sphere.—

Make also frequent exercises of the following after the same manner; but keeping mainly on the middle pitch, and descending occasionally a note on each repetition, with clear tone as low as it will carry. This will much improve the voice.

Ex.—High-on-a-throne-of-roy-al-state,-which-far
Out-shone-the-wealth-of-Or-mus-and-of-Ind;
Or-where-the-gor-geous-east,-with-rich-est-hand,
Showers-on-her-kings,-bar-bar-ic-pearl-and-gold,
Sa-tan-exalt-ed-sat.

Ex. ———— the nimble gunner
With linstock *now* the devilish cannon touches,
And *down* goes all before them.

NOTE.—These vocal *gymnastics* produce astonishing power and *flexibility* of voice, making it *strong*, *clear*, *liquid*, *musical* and *agreeable;* and they are as *healthful* as they are *useful*.

Now with full strong breathing read in round sonorous tones these lines of HENRY V., ACT 1, SCENE 1.

OROTUND—SLOW TIME, EFFUSIVE and EXPUL.—Middle pitch.

King Hen – My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim;
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should *fashion*, *wrest*, or *bow* your *reading*,
Or *nicely charge* your understanding *soul*
With opening *titles*, miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colors, with the truth;
For *God* doth *know*, how many, now in health,
Shall *drop* their *blood*, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall *incite us to*.
Therefore *take heed*, *how* you *impawn* our *person*,
How you *awake* our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, *in the name of God*, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms, did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are, every one, a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
That make such *waste* in brief *mortality*.
Under *this conjuration*, speak, my lord;
And we will *hear*, *note* and *believe* in heart
That *what* you speak is, in your *conscience*, wash'd
As *pure* as *sin* with *baptism*.

The above example is chiefly effusive orotund. Now in the same quality, but with *expulsive action*, read the following from the same scene;

the words of HENRY after dismissing in indignation the French embassadors.

HIGH PITCH—QUICK MOVEMENT.

Exe.—This was a merry message.
King Hen.—We hope to make the *sender blush* at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance, to our expedition;
For we have *now* no *thought* in us but France,
(Save those to God, that run before our business.)
Therefore let our *proportions* for these *wars*
Be soon *collected* and all things *thought upon*
That *may*, with reasonable *swiftness*, add
More feathers to our wings; for, *God before*,
We'll chide this Dauphin, at his *father's door*.

Occasional practice on Bryant's Thanatopsis will much improve the MONOTONE and OROTUND. The present extract is given as an attempt to correct the constant abuse of its punctuation which so confuses the thought, and from which it is rarely secure. In truth few short poems of our language are more hackneyed, misprinted and grammatically maltreated than we generally find this sublime production.

Ex.—So live, that—when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable Caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where, each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death—
Thou go, not like the quárry sláve, at night,

Scoúrged, to his dúngeon; but—*sustaìned* and *soòthed*
By an unfàltering trùst—appròach thy gràve
Like òne, who wràps the dràpery of his coùch
Around him, and—*liès dòwn* to *pleàsant dreàms.*

The whole field of oratorical literature furnishes practice for the effusive and expulsive, and occasional explosive orotund, of which, however, the *expulsive*, with properly directed *force* and judicious use of the *rad.*, *dim.* and *van. stress*, is the chief element. The following example will be sufficient for the present:

PITT'S REPLY TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

The atrocious crime of being a *young man*, which the honorable gentleman has, with such *spìrit* and *décency'*, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to *palliate* nor *deny*;* but content myself with hoping, that I may be one of *those* whose *follies cease* with their *youth'*, and not of *that* number, who are *ignorant* in *spite* of *experience.* Whether *youth** can be imputed to a man as a *repróach*, I will not assume the province of detérmining; but surely *age* may become *jùstly contémptible*, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without *impróvement'*, and *vice* appears to *prevail'*, when the *pássions* have *subsided**. The *wrétch*, who, after having seen the consequences of a *thousand érrors*, continues *still* to *blúnder*, and whose age has only added *óbstinácy*, to *stupídity'*, is surely the object either of *abhórrence* or *contémpt*, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more is *hé* to be abhorred who, as he has *advànced'*—in *àge*, has *receded'*—from

vìrtue\, and become *mȏre wícked*′—with *less temptation ;* who prostitútes himself for *móney* which he can not *enjoy*′, and spends the remains of his life, in the rúin of his country\.

But *youth* is not my *ónly* críme; I am accused of acting a *theátrical párt.* A *theatrical part* may either imply some peculiarity of *gesture*, or a *dissimulation* of my *real sèntiments*\, and an adoption of the opinions and language of *anòther man.* In the *first* sense, the charge is too *trifling* to be *mentioned*, that it may be *despísed. I*′ am at liberty, *like* every other\ man to use my *own làngnage;* and though, perhaps, I may have sóme ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any *restráint*, nor very solicitously copy *his díction* or *his míen*, however matured by *àge*, or modeled by *experience*\.

The next is a fine example of dramatic oratory. Henry V., act iv., scene iii. Where entering the camp and overhearing remarks of the Duke of Westmoreland to the soldiers, which he fears may dispirit them, the KING kindly and cheerfully remonstrates.

FULLEST EXPUL. OROTUND, RAD. STRESS, HIGH PITCH, TIME MODERATE AND QUICK.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!
King Hen. >What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin;
If we are mark'd, *to dié*, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to *livè*,

The *fewer men*—the *greater* share of *honor.*
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not *covetous* for *gold,*
Nor care I who doth feed upon my *cost;*
It *yearns* me not, if men my garments wear;
Such *outward things* dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a *sin* to covet *honor,*
I am the most *offending soul* alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not *a man* from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man *more,* methinks, would *share* from me
For the *best hope* I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather *proclaim it,* Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, who hath, no stomach to this fight,
Let him *depart;* his *passport* shall be made
And *crowns for convoy,* put into his purse.
We would not die, in that man's *company*
That fears his *fellowship* to die with *us.*
This day is called the *feast of Crispian:*
He that *outlives* this day, and comes *safe home,*
Will stand a tip-toe, when this day is named,
And *rouse him* at the *name* of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and *see old age,*
Will, yearly, on the vigil, *feast his neighbours,*
And *say,* "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."
Then will he strip, his sleeve, and show, his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
And he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did, that day; *then,* shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Harry, the king, *Bedford* and *Exeter,*
Warwick and *Talbot, Salisbury* and *Gloucester,*
Be, in their flowing cups, *freshly remember'd.*
This story, shall the good man, teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,
But *we*, in it, shall be remembered;
We *few*, we *happy* few, we *band of brothers*,
For he to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall *be* my brother; be he *ne'er so vile*,
This day shall *gèntle* his condition.
And gentlemen, in England, now, a-bed,
Shall think themselves, *accursed*, they were not *here*,
And *hold* their manhoods *cheap* whiles any speaks
That *fought* with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

THE EXPULSIVE voice action we have observed is properly the oratorical; but the explosive is also much used in mild and violent forms; sometimes so modified as to be scarcely recognized as such. Its character, as sudden burst or explosion, would indicate association with intensity of passion under any order, whether of *fear*, *dread*, *anger*, *hatred*, *love*, *grief*, *ecstasy*, *delight*, etc., and whether in the language of the *orator*, the *dramatist*, the *poet* or the *street*. Hence we hear in the *same form* of utterance the cry of FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! and Othello's more subdued but quite as impassioned exclamation—

ECSTASY OF LOVE—Act III, Sc. 3.

EXCELLENT WENCH! PERDITION CATCH my SOUL
But I DO LOVE THEE! And, when I love thee NOT
CHAOS is come again.

PROFOUND GRIEF OR DEJECTION.—Scene 3.

O, now, forever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

INTENSE RAGE OR ANGER, as developed in the progress of the scene.

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. VILLAIN, be sure thou prove my love is false;
Be sure of it; give me the OCULAR PROOF;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst *better* have been *born* a DOG
Than *answer* my waked wrath!

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord——

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

INTENSE PASSION, ALARM, DREAD.—Macbeth, act v, sc. 5.

Macb. Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. LIAR and SLAVE!
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. IF THOU SPEAK'ST FALSE,
Upon the next tree shalt thou *hang*, ALIVE,
TILL FAMINE CLING THEE: if thy speech be SOOTH,
I care not if thou dost for ME as *much*.
* * * * *
RING THE ALARUM-BELL! BLOW, WIND! COME, WRACK!
AT LEAST WE'LL DIE with HARNESS ON OUR BACK.

NOTE.—For expulsive and effusive orotund no better general reading can be had than Milton, Isaiah, the Psalms, besides what good oratorical selections the student may prefer. Further space needs not therefore be consumed in special extracts beyond the following, which, for voice practice, stands among the very best.

The subjoined interpretation of Tennyson's glorious dithyrambic, "CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE," differs widely from accepted "readings" of elocutionists. The present author regards the first stanza as the *argument* of the poem after the manner of the earlier standard poets, and which is simply meant to set out the facts as if thus paraphrased: "At a certain time

and place in the history of war occurred the following glorious incident."

The usual form of rendering the fifth and sixth lines of this stanza in the shouting voice, as a command, seems simply absurd. These must be properly understood as the words of Capt. Nolan, who brings from the staff to Lord Lucan an order to advance. Lucan, in surprise, asks "whither," and Nolan, repeating the instructions, points towards the guns. This order Lucan now delivers to Lord Cardigan, commanding "the Brigade," as instructions sent. These are received and misapprehended, and here the poet assumes "some one had blundered."

Now, in the first line of the second stanza, the poem properly opens, the EXPLOSIVE OROTUND with *thorough stress and high pitch* is there employed, and *thus*, as command is first heard, "*Forward!*"

Besides the additional reasons which might be adduced, any other assumption, than the above, is against the discipline of the soldier, who, prompt to command, awaits no second "bidding;" and had this been *order given* both horse and rider would instantly have plunged into action.

I.

Half a *league*, *half* a league—
Half a league *onward*,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"FORWARD THE LIGHT BRIGADE,
CHARGE FOR THE GUNS," he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

"FORWARD the LIGHT BRIGADE!"
Was there a man *dismay'd?*
No! though the soldier knew
Some one had *blunder'd:*
Theirs, not to make *reply*,
Theirs, not to reason *why*,
Theirs, but to *dò* and *diè*.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to *right* of them,
Cannon to *left* of them,
Cannon in *front* of them,
Volley'd and *thunder'd;*
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and *well*,
Into the *jaws* of *death*,
Into the *mouth of hell*
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they *turn'd in air*,
Sab'ring the *gunners* there,
Charging an *army*, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the *battery-smoke*,
Right through the *line* they *broke;*
Cossack and Russian
REELED from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and *sunder'd*,
Then—they rode back, but—*not*
NOT the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon *behind* them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and *hero fell*,
They that had *fought* so well
Came, through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them;
Left—of six hundred.

VI.

When—can their glory fade?
O—THE WILD CHARGE THEY MADE!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
NOBLE six hundred!

Section IV.—Guttural Tones.

Words as signs of ideas and mental action would be very ineffective if limited to one tone or quality of voice, not supplemented by inflections, modulation, force, etc., to give character, form and shading to expression. Therefore, the various qualities of voice, the *pure* and *impure*, of which the latter, conveying the unpleasant, the distasteful, disapproved and negative or impure forms of thought, are as necessary as the former in their office to convey the pleasant, pure or positive condition of the mind.

The guttural, although an impure tone and quality, is much used in speech. It is, when strong, cognate to the nasal tone, of a harsh, snarling, cynical order, and somewhat resembles the growling of the lower animals or the string vibration of the orchestral double bass.

The mind of a strong, passionate nature, influenced by *aversion, deep displeasure, extreme impatience, anger, disgust, contempt*, etc., throws upon the voice impurity of thought that changes the quality of expression by such modification of the orotund as destroys its purity and smoothness.

The change is effected in the throat (whence its name) by such contraction of the larynx and relaxation of the vocal cords as interfere with the due passage of the column of air, which the energy of passion is strongly propelling against a partially closed glottis. The tongue is raised at the root, the uvula or veil of the palate partially dropped, and both further interfere with the air in its action on the vocal bands. Thus a sluggish, rumbling and discordant vibration is produced, which, falling in voice expression on emphatic words, especially such as contain letters *c*, (hard) *l*, *r*, *n*, *d*, *t*, expressly fit it to the interpretation of all forms of the *fierce, savage, inimical, demoniacal* or *brutal.*

To EXERCISE AND CULTIVATE this quality, let the mind assume *unpleasant condition* which will aid in the arrangement of the organs as above described. Then as the tone is *cynical*, take this single word, its cognate thought, *cur*, and practise with a harsh smothered voice—*cur-r-r-r! cur-r-r-r!—cur-r-r-r!* Then with a *snarl* in the voice apply it to the following example, which use also as an exercise.

Let this sign, SMALL and larger CAPITALS, represent the guttural.

Ex. COR.—You common CRY of CURS, whose BREATH I HATE
As REEK o' the rotten FENS; whose loves I PRIZE
As the dead CARCASSES of UNBURIED MEN
That do CORRUPT my AIR: I banish *you.*
—CORIOLANUS, ACT 3, SC. 3.

NOTE.—For this vibration of the vocal cords the above exercises are as good as a hundred; and by practising thereon with a *dog-like snarl* in the tone there will soon be little difficulty. The chief desideratum is the practical application to speech and reading. Keeping in mind the character of the thought which it interprets, let the pupils attempt the following—striking the guttural more or less strongly on words marked in small and larger capitals.

Ex.— IRONY. HENRY V, Act I, Sc. 2.
The King to French embassadors on discovering the insult offered in presentation of tennis balls. Curbing his temper. DIGNIFIED, EXPULSIVE, GUTTURAL, OROTUND.

K. Hen. We are *glad* the Dauphin is so PLEASANT with us;
His PRESENT and your PAINS we THANK you for:
When we have *match'd* our RACKETS to these BALLS,
We will, in *France*, by God's grace, *play a set*
Shall STRIKE his father's CROWN into the HAZARD.
TELL him he hath made a *match* with such a WRANGLER
That all the *courts* of FRANCE will be disturb'd
With CHACES.

Ex.— SARCASM. Henry V, Act III, Sc. 6.
The King's reply to French herald who comes propos-

ing ransom. Chiefly expulsive, OROTUND—with GUTTURAL, on words in capitals.

K. Hen. What is thy náme? I knòw thy *quàlity.*
Mont. Montjoy.
K. Hen. Thou dost thy office-*fairly.* *Turn* thee *back,*
And *tell* thy king I do not *seek* him *now;*
But could be *willing* to *march on* to Calais
Without *impeachment:* for,-to say the sooth,—
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,—
My *people are*-with sickness-much *enfeeblèd,*
My numbers lessened,-and those féw I hâve
Almost no *better* than so many—FRENCH;—
Who, when they were in health, *I tell thee, herald,*
I *thought* upon *one pair* of *English legs*
Did march *three* FRENCHMEN. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me:-I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My RANSOM is this frail and worthless TRUNK,
My army but a weak and *sickly guard;*
Yet,-*God before,* tell him we will *come on,*
Though France himself and such ANOTHER NEIGHBOR
Stand in OUR WAY. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself;
If we may pass, we *will;* if we be HINDER'D,
We shall your TAWNY GROUND with your RED BLOOD
DISCOLOR: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The *sum* of all our *answer* is but this:
We *would* not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor,-as we are, we say we *will not shun it:*
SO TELL YOUR MASTER.

Let the reader note the necessary and natural change from pure tone to guttural that takes

place in the true interpretation of the thought in its transit from the first to the second stanza as underwritten from SCOTTS' MARMION. Canto iii.x.

Where shall the lover rést, whom the fates séver
From his true maiden's bréast, parted forever?
Whère, through groves deep and high, sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die, under the willow;
There, through the summer day, cool streams are laving,
There, while the tempests sway, scarce are boughs waving,
There thy rest shalt thou take, parted forever;
Never again to wake! never, O never!

Where, shall the TRAITOR rest, HE, the DECEIVER,
Who could win woman's breast, RUIN and LEAVE HER?
IN THE LOST BATTLE, BORNE DOWN BY THE FLYING,
WHERE MINGLES WAR'S RATTLE WITH GROANS OF THE DYING;
Her wing shall the eagle *flap*, o'er the FALSE-HEARTED,
His WARM BLOOD the WOLF shall LAP, ere LIFE BE PARTED,
SHAME and DISHONOR sit by his grave ever,
Blessing shall hallow it, NEVER, O NEVER!

In moving through these passages of thought, it may be seen how useful are the impure tones—dropping tinge, and tint, and color, shadowed, cloudy, sombre, dark—creating thus the clare-obscure of voice, and making it truly exegetical of passions and emotions.

When used artificially we must be careful and not continue it on phrases or sentences to which

it does not apply, thereby misinterpreting that portion; but *lift it over purer thought* and let it fall again upon its cognate or relational sequence as in the following:

EX.—OROTUND, GUTTURAL, ASPIRATED GUTTURAL, TREMOR.

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
Remorse with pain and grief seemed blending;
A purse of gold, he flung beside
The mother, o'er her dead child bending.
Oh! wildly laughed that woman then,
GLENVARLOCH! *would ye* DARE *to* MEASURE
The holy life that God has given
Against a heap of GOLDEN TREASURE?

"*Ye spurned my prayer*, for we were poor;
But know, proud man, that God hath power
To smite the king on Scotland's throne,
THE CHIEFTAIN in his *fortress tower*.
FROWN ON! FROWN ON! *I fear ye not;*
We've done the last of chieftain's bidding,
And cold he lies, for whose young sake
I used to bear your *wrathful chiding*.

"*Will gold* bring back his cheerful voice,
That used to win my heart from sorrow?
WILL SILVER warm the frozen blood,
Or make my heart less lone to-morrow?
GO BACK AND SEEK YOUR MOUNTAIN HOME,
AND WHEN YE KISS *your fair-haired daughter*,
REMEMBER him who died to-night
Beneath the waves of Mona's water."

Ex. RICHARD III, Act i, Sc. iii.

Glou. The CURSE my noble father laid on thee,
When *thou didst crown* his warlike brows WITH PAPER
And with thy SCORNS drew'st *rivers from his eyes*,
And then, *to dry them*, gavest the duke *a clout*
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from *bitterness of soul*
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy BLOODY DEED.

The succeeding examples will sufficiently illustrate the intensity of the GUTTURAL quality.

MERCHANT OF VENICE—Act i, Sc. iii.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell PORK; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite CONJURED THE DEVIL INTO. I will *buy* with you, *sell* with you, *talk* with you, *walk* with you, and so following, but I will not *eat* with you, *drink* with you, nor PRAY with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] *How like a fawning publican* he looks!
I HATE him for he is a *Christian*,
But MORE for that in *low simplicity*
He *lends out money* GRATIS and *brings down*
The rate of USANCE here with us in Venice.
If I can CATCH him once upon the *hip*,
I will FEED FAT the ancient GRUDGE I bear him.
He hates our *sacred nation*, and he RAILS,
Even there, where MERCHANTS MOST DO CONGREGATE,
On *me*, my *bargains* and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls *interest.* CURSED be my TRIBE
If I forgive him!

Ex. RICHARD II, act 1, scene 1.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now swallow down that lie.——For Gloster's death,
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honorable father to my foe,
Once did I lay in ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last received the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.

SECTION V.—PECTORAL QUALITY.

This condition or character of voice differs in its formation, or physiology, so little from the guttural as to make it questionable whether it should be considered a separate, or distinct, quality. As

with the monotone and orotund, they touch so closely sometimes as to be hardly distinguishable. It is formed as the guttural in the throat, and by the same action of the cords and other organs. It differs mainly therefrom by its resonance deeper *down* in the bronchial tubes or upper portion of the chest—thus deepening the voice to a *growl* rather than a *snarl*, and giving a more imbruted tone to vicious expression as sometimes heard from low, vulgar, besotted, animal natures, or others representing such.

Thus it would interpret also *repulsive horror*, *diabolical revenge*, or *threatening*, and such passions, in low growling expression as the aspirate effects in hissing form

Ex.—Slow time—Pectoral and Guttural—low pitch.

Beware, young raving thing! In time beware!
Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear,
Even from *thy lips*. Go, try thy lute, thy voice,
The boy must feel their magic. I rejoice
To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
Once more illumine, my fair Priestess' eyes;
And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,
Indeed resemble, thy dead lover's form,
So much the happier, wilt thou find thy doom,
As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.

Nay, nay, NO FROWNING, sweet! Those eyes were made
For lòve, nót ănger. I MUST BE OBEYED.
* * * * * *

It is always properly associated with low pitch. In fact, it exists as a defective habit in some voices, arising from constant low tones, consequent upon lax or lazy movement of abdominal muscles, and is rarely, except through indolence of the speaker, connected with pure thoughts.

NOTE.—It is exemplified again in these lines of KING JOHN, (*Act iii, scene 3,*) suggesting to HUBERT the murder of young ARTHUR. The words in the first speech are characterized by ASPIRATED OROTUND in tones just above the *whisper.* Those in the second speech are succeeded by deep PECTORAL, beginning, "If the midnight bell." The whole somewhat broken and disjointed, as men speak when plotting and "feeling their way" to another's acquiescence.

Ex.—*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! Within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee,—her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives—in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. *I had a thing to say*
But—I will fit it, with some better time—
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hubert. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast *no cause* to say so *yet:*

But, thou *shalt have;* and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come—for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but—let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and, the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of *gawds*
To give me *audience.* If—the *midnight* BELL
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If—this *same* were a CHURCHYARD where we stand,
And thou possessed, with a thousand wrongs,
Or—if that *surly spirit*, MELANCHOLY,
HAD BAKED THY BLOOD, and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion HATEFUL TO MY PURPOSES;
Or—if that thou couldst SEE me WITHOUT EYES,
HEAR me WITHOUT thine EARS, and make *reply*
Without a TONGUE, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;
Then—in DESPITE of *brooded watchful day*—
I *would*, into thy bosom, *pour* my *thoughts:*
But, ah, I will not! yet I *love* thee *well;*
And, by my troth, I *think* thou lovest *me* well.
Hubert. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

Ex.—Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "*thy God hath lent thee*—by these *angels He hath sent thee*
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

QUAFF OH QUAFF this kind nepenthe, and *forget this lost Lenore!*
Quoth the Raven: "NEVERMORE."

Ex. The Dream of Darkness.—BYRON.
I *had a dream*, which was not all a dream,—
The *bright sun* was *extinguished;* AND THE STARS
Did wander *darkling* in the eternal space,
RAYLESS and PATHLESS; and the *icy earth*
Swung *blind and blackening* in the MOONLESS AIR.

SECTION VI.—THE ASPIRATE.

The most malignant as well as the most generous passions of our nature require occasional expression, hence the aspirate which in general cases we would seek to avoid. It is an impure quality, akin to the guttural and whisper, coming as it were between them, and next in attenuated quality to the latter. It means properly "sound emitted in rough breathings" or hissings, and is necessary as expressive of violent passion. It then becomes comparative excellence in the interpretation of *hate, aversion, fear, anger, frenzy, horror* and the like passions. Where these rage *intensely* the aspirate added to the guttural, still further corrupting and vitiating the orotund or fundamental voice, gives thereto that *vicious,*

fiendish character expressive of *dire revenge* and *destructiveness*, which is otherwise inexpressible.

NOTE.—This quality of voice may be created as follows: Raise the tongue at the root, high towards the palate, obstructing as much as possible the passage; contract and close the GLOTTIS still more than in guttural tones; make strong effort to obstruct the egress of air, while with strongest pressure of abdominal dorsal and pectoral muscles it is forced out through the closed glottis and obstructed passage. Thus, while uttering the words, there will be an escape of air which is not converted into speech, but, driven out with utmost force, accompanies it with *harsh* and *hissing sound*. This is the aspirate as used in the interpretation of the malignant passions.

From this conflict it will be palpable to the hearer as well as speaker that it is very severe on the voice and vocal mechanism; and all who use it constantly soon disqualify themselves for *pure tone qualities*. This is noticeable in all actors who give themselves mainly to the impersonation of aged and other characters largely employing this quality, as Lear, Richelieu, Shylock, etc.

NOTE.—THE WHISPER is the basis or a form of the aspirate, and gives best preliminary practice under proper selections both for the cultivation of this quality, and for strengthening the voice. The simple reason is that to maintain a lengthened, audible whisper, requires

more continuous muscular strength and force of breath than any other vocal effort, and must be pursued with discretion, not too often, or too much.

Ex.—Practice, *in strong whisper*, short exercises containing aspirate—*h*,—

He *h*eard *hor*rible *ho*wls, *hal*looing, *h*elp, *h*elp, *h*elp! What, *ho*, there! *hal*loo, *hal*loo! a thousand *h*ands *h*old *h*ard and *hea*vy over-*h*ead, and *h*earts *h*ave *ho*ped 'gainst *ho*pe for *ho*me.

Ex.—The following mark its subdued malignant form in whisper tones.

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. *When?*
Lady M. Now.
Macb. *As I descended?*
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*
There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and addres'd them
Again to sleep.

KING JOHN, act iii, sc. iii.

Ex.—*K. John. Good Hubert! Hubert! Hubert! throw thine eye*
On yon young boy. I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a *very* SERPENT *in my way;*
And *wheresoe'er* this *foot* of *mine doth tread,*
He lies before me. Dost thou *understand me?*
Thou art his keeper.

Hubert. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.

The aspirate is not in all cases necessarily malignant. It is always so when joined to the guttural or pectoral; but it may in milder form be an accompaniment of pure tone or orotund as expressive of *intensity* in *joy*, *sorrow*, *grief*, *fear*, etc., after the manner of the *tremor*. These, however, are the nicer distinctions which we now postpone, giving but few illustrative examples, until in our consideration of voice tones as symbols of the passions, etc., we shall have better opportunity to deal therewith.

They are here, except as examples for exercises, beyond the present reach of pupils.

Ex. SUDDEN FEAR—LALLA ROOKH.

ASPIRATED PURE TONE and OROTUND. *Expul. rad. stress. Impassioned Force—Tremor.*

"*Oh not for worlds.*" She cried. "*Great God!* to whom
I once *knelt innocent*, is this my doom
Are all my *dreams*, my *hopes* of *heavenly bliss*
My *purity*, my *pride*, then come to this?—
To *live* the *wanton* of a *fiend*. To be,
The *pander* of his *guilt*. *O infamy.*
And sunk myself as low as hell can steep

In its hot flood, *drag others* down as deep.
Others—ha!—yes!—that youth who came to-day—
Not him I loved—NOT HIM—O do but *say*,
But SWEAR to me, this moment, 'tis not he,
And I will *serve—dark fiend*—will WORSHIP *even thée.*"

Ex. HORROR AND AWE.

MACBETH at sight of BANQUO'S ghost at the feast. Macbeth, act iii, sc. v. EXPLOSIVE and EXPUL · ASPIRATED OROTUND. Van. and Rad. stress.

Macb. *Avaunt!* and *quit* my *sight! let* the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are *marrowless*, thy blood is *cold*;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost *glare* with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare: [*To the ghost.*
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit, then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*
Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Then in DREAD—with EFFUSION and *expul.*, *pure tone*, contemplating Lady Macbeth's indifference.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition which I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.

Except in the WHISPER, which is the simple aspirate, it is never used alone—always combining with some other quality to which it gives coloring shade, intensity, etc. It is most frequently associated with guttural out of which it generally rises. A fine example of this tendency and growth is exhibited in Act 1, Scene 1, *Lear*, where the increasing displeasure of the King against CORDELIA alternates for a time between these two *qualities* until passion, intensified, determines the dominance of the latter and culminates in its *extreme use* expressive of *insane rage* against the unoffending KENT.

Most impassioned force, aspirated guttural, intense aspirate.

Ex.—*Lear.* *Kent*, on thy *life*, no *more*.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. OUT OF MY SIGHT!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. *Now*, by APOLLO,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, VASSAL! MISCREANT!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy doom;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.
Lear. HEAR ME, RECREANT!
On thine ALLEGIANCE, HEAR ME!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride
To come between our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. AWAY! by JUPITER,
This shall not be revoked.

Thus, too, it suddenly springs out of the OROTUND partially tinged with guttural, and bursts in its deep intensity in the words of Richelieu defending his WARD against lascivious purpose of King Louis, attempted through Baradas and other courtiers.

Ex.—*Bar.* My Lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence
So far forgets your duty, and his greatness.

As to resist his mandate! Pray you, Madam,
Obey the King—no cause for fear!
Rich. She shall not stir!
Bar. You are not of her kindred—
An orphan—
Rich. And her country is her mother!
Bar. The country is the king!
Rich *Ay, is it so?*
Then, wakes the power, which, in the age of iron,
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark where she *stands*, around her *form I draw*
The *awful circle* of our *solemn church!*
Set but a *foot* within that *holy ground*,
And on thy *head*—YEA, THOUGH, it WORE A CROWN—
I launch the CURSE OF ROME!
Bar. I dare not brave you!
I do but speak the orders of my king.
The church, your rank, power, very word, my lord,
Suffice you for resistance; blame yourself,
If it cost you power!
Rich. That *my* STAKE. *Ah!*
Dark *gamester, what is thine?* Look to it *well!*
Lose not a trick. BY THIS SAME HOUR TO-MORROW
THOU SHALT HAVE FRANCE, or I thy HEAD!

* * * * * *

Bar. (aside.) His mind and life are breaking fast.
Rich. (overhearing him.) IRREVERENT RIBALD!
If so, BEWARE the *falling ruin!* HARK!
I tell thee, SCORNER of these *whitening* HAIRS,
When this snow *melteth* there shall come a FLOOD.
AVAUNT! My NAME is RICHELIEU!

So, in the depth of his loathsome avarice and hate, weighing his lost gold and treasure against

his daughter's life, Shylock exclaims with intensest aspirate.

Ex. *Shy.* I *would*, my daughter were DEAD, at my foot, and the JEWELS in HER EAR! Would she were HEARSED, at my foot, and the DUCATS in her COFFIN.

The following, found as a reading in many school books, generally improperly and badly read, furnishes a *good* reading as well as useful exercise in guttural and aspirate qualities; exemplified in the last stage of weakened age, but with strong will-power, fighting *in extremis* the approach of death and breaking down under the intensity of passion.

NOTE.—The first verse, simply narrative, employs the *unimpassioned Expul. Orotund.* The second opens with the thought of opposition to the supposed intimation of his death, using *rising slides* and *guttural tones slightly aspirated.* The others, to seventh, alternate between *orotund* and *aspirated orotund*, expulsive and thorough stress, and from seventh to the end, *occasional orotund* and STRONG ASPIRATE.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strŏng agony, a dying warrior lay,—
The stern old Băron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They *cŏme* arŏund me hére and *sáy* my dâys of life are *o'ér*,—
That *I* shall *mount* my noble *steed* and *lead my* band no *more*;

They come, and, *to my beard*, they *dare* to *tell* me *now* that *I*,
Their own liege lord and master born, that *I*—ha! ha!—must *dié*.

"*And what is death?* I've dared him ōft, before the Păinim spear;
Think ye he's *enter'd* at *my gáte*—has come to *seek* me *hére?*
Iv'e met him, *faced* him, *scorn'd* him, when the *fight* was *raging hot*;—
I'll *try* his *might*, I'll *brave* his *power!—defy*, and *fear* him *not!*

"*Ho! sound the tocsin* from *my tower*, *and fire the cul'verin*,
Bid each retainer arm with speed, *call every vassal* in.
Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet board prepare,—
Throw wide the portals of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

A hundred hands were busy then: the banquet forth was spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleam'd on harness, plume and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hŭrrying through the outer gate, the mail'd retainers pour'd,
On through the pōrtal's frowning arch, and thrōng'd around the board;
While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state,
Arm'd cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"FILL EVERY BEAKER UP, MY MEN!—pour *forth the cheering wine!*
There's life and strength in every drop,—THANKSGIVING TO THE VINE!
ARE YE ALL THERE, my vassals true?—mine EYES are WAXING DIM;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

"YE'RE THERE, BUT YET I SEE YOU NOT!—DRAW FORTH each trusty SWORD,
And *let me hear* your faithful STEEL *clash* once around my *board!*
I hear it faintly: LOUDER YET! *What clogs my heavy breath?*
UP, ALL!—and shout for Rudiger, 'DEFIANCE UNTO DEATH!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clang'd to steel, and rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
"HO! CRAVENS! DO YE FEAR HIM? SLAVES! TRAITORS! have ye FLOWN?
HO! COWARDS, have ye *left me* to meet him here ALONE?

"BUT I DEFY HIM!—LET HIM COME!" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat—dead!

ALBERT G. GREENE.

In the foregoing chapters voice has been treated in its mechanical and constructive process with a view to its development and culture rather than as to its direct and refined application to subtle interpretation; and thus we have seen that voice with its attributes, forms, properties, qualities, etc., may be considered the true and essential substructure of elocution proper. In subsequent chapters these will be discussed and exemplified in their psychologic, philosophic and finished service as the symbols and exponents of our passions and emotions.

Students will understand that herein lie the cultivation of the mind, the keen perception, mental acumen and lingual appreciation which time alone can accomplish; for the text must be fully comprehended with the emotions and passions involved ere voice can perfectly perform its office. To this end, however, it will be found that THE TRUE STUDY OF ELOCUTION IS THE MOST EFFECTIVE AID.

OF THE CLOSING SELECTIONS now added for practice it may be said that some are old. So is all our best poetry. But they will be found

quite new when properly read. Besides, they serve the illustrative purposes intended, and are *also* new in the fact that their correct interpretation is marked in the type.

BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the *English column failed*,
And, *twice*, the lines of Saint Antoine, the *Dutch in vain assailed;*
For, town and slope were filled, with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.
As *vainly*, through De Barri's wood, the *British soldiers burst*,
The *French* artillery drove them back—diminished and dispersed.
The *bloody Duke* of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And *ordered up his last reserve*, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how *fast* his *generals ride!*
And, *mustering come* his *chosen troops*, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,—
Their cannon blaze in front and flank,—LORD HAY is at their head;
Steady they *step* adown the slope—steady they *climb* the hill;
Steady they *load*—steady they *fire*, moving *right onward* still
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy—as through a furnace blast—
Through rampart, trench and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And, on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,
With *ready fire* and *grim resolve*, that *mocked* at hostile force;
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy—while thinner grow their ranks—
They *break*, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, *French tirailleurs* rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French *squadrons strew the ground;*
Bombshell, and grape, and round shot tore—STILL on they marched and fired—
Fast from each volley, *grenadier* and *voltigeur retired.*
"PUSH ON MY HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY," King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not *unavenged* they died.
On through the camp, the *column trod*—King Louis turns his rein—
"*Not yet*, my liege," Saxe interposed, "*the Irish troops remain;*"
And Fontenoy, *famed* Fontenoy, had been a *Waterloo*,
Were not these EXILES ready then,—*fresh, vehement and true.*

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
The Marshal almost *smiled* to see, so furiously he goes.
How FIERCE the *look* these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,
The *treasured wrongs* of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The *treaty broken*, ere the ink wherewith 't was writ could dry,
Their *plundered homes*, their *ruined shrines*, their *women's parting cry*,
Their *priesthood hunted down* like wolves, their country overthrown,—
Each looks, as if *revenge for all* were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, *nor ever yet elsewhere*,
Rushed on to fight, a *nobler band* than those proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands
"*Fix bay'nets*—CHARGE!" Like mountain storm, rush on these fiery bands.
Thin is the English column NOW, and *faint* their *volleys* GROW,
Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill, to face that battle wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam—like rocks, the men behind!
One volley CRASHES from their line,—when through the surging smoke,
With empty guns, clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, *hark* to that *fierce huzza!*
"*Revenge!* REMEMBER LIMERICK! DASH DOWN THE SASSENAGH!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their *steel*—'tis *bloody now*, their guns are filled with gore;
Through *shattered ranks*, and *severed files*, and *trampled flags*, they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, *paused—rallied—staggered—fled.*
The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead—
Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On *Fontenoy*, on FONTENOY, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes THE IRISH STAND—the field is fought and won!

THOMAS DAVIS.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go, where glory waits thee;
But, while fame elates thee,
O, *still remember me.*
When, the praise thou *meetest*,
To thine ear is *sweetest*,
O, *then*, remember me.
Other *arms* may *press* thee,
Dearer *friends* caress thee,
All the *joys* that *bless* thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But—when friends are *nearest*,
And when joys are *dearest*,
O, *then*, remember me!

When, at eve, thou *rovest*,
By the *star* thou *lovest*,
O, *then* remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've *seen it* burning,
O, *then* remember me.
Oft, as summer closes,
When thine *eye reposes*
On its ling'ring *roses*,
Once, so *lov'd* by thee,
Think of *her*—who *wove* them,
Her who *made thee love* them—
O, *then* remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn *leaves* are *lying*,
O, *then* remember me.
And, at night, when *gazing*
On the gay *hearth* blazing,
O, *still* remember me.
Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let *memory bring* thee
Strains I us'd to *sing* thee,—
O, THEN remember me.

MOORE.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty, at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair;
He, with step so slow and weakened, thoughtful brow and snowy hair,—
She, with sunny, floating ringlets, but with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
For within her heart's deep centre was recorded solemn vow:
She had listened to the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not ring* to-night."

"Sexton,"—Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark, and damp, and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh!
Cromwell will not come till sunset!" and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not *ring to night*."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart;
"*Long, long years, I've rung the Curfew* from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, JUST AT SUNSET, it has *tolled* the twilight hour;
I have done my *duty ever—tried* to do it *just* and *right*,
Now I'm old, I *will not miss* it. Girl! the Curfew *rings* to-night!"

She, with light step, *bounded* forward, *sprang* within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment *paused* the maiden, but—with cheeks and brow aglow,—

Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro:
Then, she climbed the *slimy ladder*, *dark*, without one ray of light,
Upward *still*, her pale lips saying: "Curfew *shall* not ring to-night."

She has reached the *topmost* ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, *like the pathway down to hell;*
See, the ponderous *tongue* is *swinging*! 'tis the hour of Curfew now—
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, NEVER! Her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall NOT ring to-night!"

Out she swung—far out—the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There—'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swayed to and fro;
And the half-deaf Sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
Thought that with the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;
Yet the maiden, clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

It was o'er—the bell *ceased* swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done
Shall be heard long years hereafter.—As the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Tell their children *now*, why Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills *came* CROMWELL; Bessie saw him, and her *brow*,
Lately white with sickening terror, *glows* with sudden beauty *now*:
At his feet she told her story—showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her *sweet young face*, so haggard with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light;
"*Go*, your lover lives, brave maiden! Curfew SHALL *not* ring to-night!"

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day."—*Deut.* xxxiv: 6.

By Nebo's lonely *mountain*,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But *no man* dúg that sepulchre,
And no man *sáw* it e'er,
For, THE ANGELS OF GOD upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the *grandest funeral*
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the *daylight*
Comes when the night is done,
And the *crimson streak* on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the *spring time*
Her crown of verdure *weaves*,
And all the *trees* on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old *eagle*,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the *lion*, stalking,
Still *shuns* the hallowed spot;
For *beast* and *bird* have seen and heard
That which *man knoweth not.*

We know when *wárrior* dieth
  His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drúm,
  Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
  They tell his battles won,
And, after him, lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the nòblest, of the land
  Men lay the *ságe* to rest,
And give the *bárd* an honored place,
  With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept
  Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
  Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the *bràvest* wàrrior
  That ever buckled sword;
This the most *gifted* pòet
  That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
  Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, *truths half so sage*
  As he wrote down for men.

AND HAD HE NOT HIGH HONOR?—
  The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while *angels wait*
  With *stars* for tapers tall;
And the dark *rock pines*, like tossing plumes,
  Over his bier to wave;
And GOD'S OWN HAND in that lonely land,
  To lay him in the *grave*,—

In that *deep* grave, without a name,
  Whence, his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O WONDROUS THOUGHT!—
  Before the judgment day,
And stand, with *glory wrapped around*,
  On the hills he never trod,
And, speak of the strife that won our life,
  With the INCARNATE SON OF GOD.

O LONELY TOMB in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.——
GOD hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, *like the secret sleep*
Of him—he loved so well.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS—was a *hearty* king, and—*loved a royal sport*,
And—*one day*—as his lions strove—*sat looking on the court:*
The *nobles* fill'd the *benches* round, the *ladies* by *their side.*
And, 'mongst them, *Count de Lorge*, with one he hoped to make his bride:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing, to see that crowning show,
Valour and *love*, and a *king above*, and the *royal beasts below.*

Ramped and *roared* the *lions*, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they *glared*, gave *blows* like beams, a *wind went* with their paws;
With wallowing *might* and stifled *roar* they *rolled* one on another,
Till—all the *pit*, with sand and mane, was in a *thund'rous smother;*
The bloody foam, above the bars, came whizzing through the air;
Said Francis then, "Faith! gen´tlemen! we're better *he`re* than *the´re*!"

De Lorge's *love o'erheard* the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same:
She *thought*, "The *Count*, my lover, is as brave as brave can *be;*
He *su`rely* would do desperate things to show his love of me!
King, *ladies*, *lovers*, all *look on;* the chance is wondrous fine;
I'll—*drop my glove*, to prove his love; great *glory* shall be *mine!*"

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love: *then* looked on him and smiled;
He bòwed-and-in a moment—leaped, among the lions wild;
The leap was *quick*, *return* was quick—he soon regained his *place;*
Then—*threw* the glove, *but not with love*, ri´ght in the la´dy's face!
"BRAVO!" cried Francis, "*rightly done!*" and he rose from where he sat;
"No *lòve*," quoth he, "but *vánity* sets love a task like *thát!*"

LEIGH HUNT.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now, glory to the Lord of Hosts! from whom all glories are,
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now–let there be the *merry sound* of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of France!
And thou ROCHELLE, our *own* Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again, let rapture light the eyes, of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant, in our ills, be joyous, in our joy;
For cold–and stiff–and still, are they, who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for *Ivry*, and HENRY OF NAVARRE.

Oh! how our *hearts* were *beating*, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League, drawn out in long array;
With all its PRIEST-LED CITIZENS, and all its REBEL PEERS,
And Appenzel's *stout infantry*, and Egmont's *Flemish spears!*
Thére, rode the *brood of* FALSE LORRAINE, the CURSES of our land;
And *dark* MAYENNE was in the midst, a TRUNCHEON in his hand;
And–as we looked on them–we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the *living God*, who RULES the fate of war,
To *fight* for His OWN HOLY NAME, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed;
And–he has bound a snow-white plume, upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his peòple, and a *tear* was in his *eye;*
He looked upon the *trai'tors*, and his glance was stern and high.
Right *graciously* he *smiled* on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall —as fall full well he may,—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fráy,—
Press–where ye see my white plūme shine, amid the ranks of wàr,
And be your *oriflamme* to-day the *helmet of Navarre*."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of *fife*, and *steed*, and *trump*, and *drum*, and *roaring culverin!*
The *fiery Duke* is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the *lips* of those ye *love*, fair gentlemen of France,
CHARGE for the golden lilies,—*upon* them *with the lance!*
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And *in* they *burst*, and on they *rushed*, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage, *blazed*–the helmet of Navarre.

Now–*God be praised*–the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath *cried* for *quarter*—the *Flemish count* is *slain;*
Their ranks are breaking, like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with *bleeding steeds*, and *flags*, and *cloven mail.*
And then–we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry,—"No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, DOWN-with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."—
Oh, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the SOLDIER of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for *France* to-day;
And many a lordly banner, God gave them, for a prey.
But–*we of the religion* have borne us *best* in fight;
And the good *Lord of Rosny* hath ta'en the *cornet white*—
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white *with crosses black*, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it, high; unfurl it, wide—that all the host may know
How God hath *humbled* the proud house which wrought his church such woe.
Then–on the *ground*, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shred,–a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho maidens of Vienna! Ho matrons of Lucerne!—
Weep, weep and *rend your hair* for those who never shall return!
Ho Philip! send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That *Antwerp monks* may sing a *mass* for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho gallant nobles of the League! look that your arms be bright!
Ho burghers of St. Genevieve! keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath *crushed* the *tyrant*, our God hath *raised the slave*
And mocked the counsel of the *wise*, and the valor of the *brave.*
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

MACAULEY.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS UPON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. Webster, in a speech upon the life and character of John Adams, imagines some one opposed to the Declaration of Independence to have stated his fears and objections before Congress, while deliberating on that subject. He then supposes Mr. Adams to have replied in language like the following:

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my *hand* and my *heart* to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we

aimed not at *independence*. But there is a divinity that shapes our ends. *The injustice of England has driven us to arms;* and blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately persisted, *till* independence is now *within our grasp*. We have but to reach forth for it and it is ours. *Why* then should we defer the DECLARATION? *Is any man* so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor.

If we *postpone* independence, do we mean to *carry on*, or to *give* up the *war?* Do we mean to *submit*, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden *down in the dust?* I *know* we do *not* mean to submit. We NEVER SHALL submit!

The war, then, must *go on*. We must fight it through. And if the war *must* go on, why *put off* the Declaration of Independence? That measure will *strengthen* us. It will give us character abroad. *Nations* will *then*, *treat with us*, which, they never can do, while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I *maintain* that *England herself*, will sooner treat for peace with us, on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injústice and öppréssion.

If we fail, it can be *no worse* for us. But, we shall *not* fail. *The cause* will *raise up armies;* the cause will *create navies*. The *people*, the PEOPLE—if we are true to them—will *carry* us, and will carry *thèmselves gloriously* through this struggle. I care not how fickle *other* people has been found. I *know* the people of *these colonies; and*, I know that *resistance* to British aggression, is deep and settled in their hearts, and *cannot be eradicated*. Sir, the Declaration of Independence will *inspire* the people with *increased courage. Instead* of a lông and bloody *wâr* for the restoration of privileges, for redréss of griévances, for chartered immúnities, held under a British king, *set before them*, the glòrious *object* of *èntire* indepèndence, and it will *breathe* into them *anew* the *spirit of life*.

Read this declaration at the *head of the army;* every *sword* will be *drawn* from its scabbard, and the *solemn vow* uttered to *maintain* it, or pérish on the bed of honor. *Publish* it from the *pulpit; religion will approve* it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the *public halls;* proclaim it there; let *them see it*, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the *very* WALLS will *cry* out in its *supp*ò*rt*.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but, I *see*, I see

clearly through this day's business. *You* and *I*, indeed, may *rue* it. We may not *live* to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may *die*, die cólonists; die *sláves;* die, it may be *ignomíniously*, and on the *scáffold*. Bè it so. *Bè it so.* If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my *country* shall require the poor offering of my life the *victim* shall be *ready* at the appointed hour of sacrifice—come when that hour may. But—while I *do* live, let me *have* a country, or at least a *hope* of a country, and that a FREE country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, *be assured*, that this declaration will *stand* It may *cost treasure*, it may cost *blood;* but it will stand, and it will *richly* compensate for both. Through the thick *gloom* of the *present*, I see the *brightness* of the *future*, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a *glorious*, an IMMORTAL DAY. When wé are in our *graves*, our chìldren will *honor* it. They will celebrate it with *thanksgiving*, with *festivity*, with *bònfires*, and *illuminàtions*. On its annual *return*, they will *shed tears, copious, gushing* tears; not of subjéction and slávery, not of ágony and distréss, but of exultàtion, of gràtitude, and of jòy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My *judgment* approves the measure, and my whole *heart* is in it. All that I *have*, and all that I *am*, and all that I *hope* in this life, I am now ready to *stake* upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, livè or dié, survìve or pérish, *I* am for the declaration. It is my living *sentiment*, and by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying sentiment*—Independence *now*, and Independence FOREVER.—*Daniel Webster.*

THE FOLLOWING SELECTION, MARINO FALIERO, ACT V, SCENE III, offers fine practice for the voice almost throughout its entire range and qualities; from the narrative through the explosive orotund, guttural and aspirate, with transitions well marked.

DOGE.

So, now–the Doge–is nothing,-and at last
I am again—Marino Faliero:
'Tis well–to be so,–though but for a moment.
Here was I crown'd, and here,—*bear witness, Heaven!*

With how much more contentment I resign
That shíning móckery, the dúcal báuble,
Than I received the fátal òrnamènt.

ONE OF THE TEN.

Thou *tremblest*, Faliero!

DOGE.

'Tis with *age*, then.

BENINTENDE.

Faliero! hast thou aught *further* to commend,
Compatible with *justice*, to the senate?

DOGE.

I would commend my *nèphew* to their *mercy*,
My *consort* to their *justice*; for methinks
My *death*, and *such* a death, might *settle* all
Between the *state* and *me*.

BENINTENDE.

They shall be *cared for*;
Even notwithstanding thine unheard-of crime.

DOGE.

Unheard of!—Aye, there's not a history
But shows a thousand *crown'd conspirators*
Against the *people*; but to *set* them *free*
One sovereign, *only*, *died*, and one is *dying*.

BENINTENDE.

And *who* are they who *fell* in such a cáuse?

DOGE.

The *King of Sparta*, and the *Doge of Venice*—
Agis and Faliero!

BENINTENDE.

Hast thou more
To utter or to do?

DOGE.

May I *spéak?*

BENINTENDE.

Thou may'st;
But *recollect*, the people are *without*,
Beyond the compass of the human voice.

DOGE.

I speak to *Time* and to *Eternity*,
Of which I grow a portion, *not* to *man*.—
Ye elements! in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my *voice* be as a *spirit*
Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore my banner!
Ye *winds!* which *flutter'd o'er* as if you loved it,
And fill'd my swelling sails, as they were wafted
To many a *triumph!* Thou, my native earth,
Which I have *bled* for, and thou, *foreign* earth,
Which *drank* this willing *blood* from many a *wound!*
Ye stónes, in which my gore will not sink, but—
Réek up to Hèaven! Ye skíes, which will recèive it!
Thou sún! which shinest on these things, and *Thou!*
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns!—*Attest!*
I am not ìnnocènt—but are these guiltléss?
I perish, but-not unavenged;—*far ages*
Float up from the abyss of *time to be*,
And show these eyes,-before they close,-the doom
Of this proud city,-and-I leave my *curse*
On her and hers for ever:——*Yes*, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day,
When *she*, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and *bloodlessly* and *basely* yield

Unto a *bastard* Attila, without
Shedding so much blood in her last defence
As *these old veins*, oft drain'd in shielding her,
Shall *pour in sacrifice.* She shall be bought
And sōld, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be
A próvince for an èmpire, pétty tówn
In lieu of càpitàl' with slaves for senates,
Béggars for nòbles, pánders for a pèople!
Then,—when the Hebrews in thy *palaces*,
The *Hun* in thy *high places*, and the *Greek*
Walks o'er thy *mart*, and *smìles* on it for *hìs!*
When thy patricians beg their bítter bréad
In narrow streets, and in their shámeful nèed
Make their *nobílity* a plea for pity!
When all the ílls of cónquer'd stàtes shall clìng thèe,
Vicé wîthout splèndour, sín without relièf
Even from the *gloss* of *love* to smóoth it ó'er,
But in its stead coúrse lústs of hábitúde,
Prúrient yet pássionless, cóld stúdied léwdness,
Depraving nature's frailty to an art;—
When these-and *more* are *heavy* on thee, when
Smíles without mírth, and pastímes without pléasure,
Youth without hónor, áge without respéct,
Meánness and weákness, and a sense of wóe
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and DAR'ST not
murmur,
Have made thee last, and *worst* of peopled deserts;
Then,-in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amidst thy many MURDERS,-think of *mine!*
Thou DEN OF DRUNKARDS with the blood of princes!
GEHENNA OF THE WATERS! thou SEA SODOM!
THUS I DEVOTE THEE to the *infernal gods!*
THEE and thy SERPENT SEED!

DISCIPLINE.

I.

A *block of marble caught* the glance of Buonarotti's *eye*,
Which *brightened* in its solemn deeps like meteor lighted sky,
And one who stood beside him listened smiling, as he heard,
"Yes—I will *make* an *angel* of it"—was the sculptor's word.

II.

So *mallet* soon and chisel sharp the stubborn block *assailed*
And blow by blow and pang by pang the prisoner *unveiled*.
A *brow*, was lifted, high and pure, the *waking eyes* outshone;
And as the master deftly wrought a *smile broke* through the stone.

III.

Beneath the chisel's edge, the *hair*, escaped, in floating rings;
And *plume by plume*, was slowly freed the sweep of *half furled wings*.
The *stately bust* and *graceful limbs* their marble fetters shed
And where the *shapeless block* had been an *angel stood* instead.

IV.

O *blows* that smite! O *hurts* that pierce this shrinking heart of mine!
What *are* ye but the Master's tools, forming a work divine.
O! *hope* that crumbles at my feet! O *joys* that mock and fly!
What are *ye*, but the *clogs* that hold my spirit from the sky.
SCULPTOR OF SOULS! I lift to Thee encumbered *heart* and *hand*;
Spare not the chisel; *set me free*, however *dear the bands*.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Oh, that *last day*, in Lucknow fort!
We *knew* that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the *end* was *coming fast*.

To *yield* to that foe meant *worse* than *death*,
And the *men* and *we all* worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then, it would all be done.

There was *one of us*, a cor'poral's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her *mind* was *wandering*.

She *lay* on the *ground*, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"O, then please *wauken* me."

She *slept*, like a child on her father's floor
In the flicking of woodbine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was *smoke* and *roar* and *powder-stench*,
And *hopeless waiting for death*;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and, I *had* my *dream*
Of an English village lane,
And wall and garden; but, one *wild scream*
Brought me back to the war again.

There, Jesse Brown stood, *listening*,
'Till, a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
And drew me near as she spoke:

"The *Highlanders!* O, *dinna ye hear*
The *slogan* far awa'?
The *McGregor's*; O! I ken it weel;
It's the *grandest o' them a'*!

"*God bless* the *bonny* Highlanders!
We're *saved*! we're SAVED!" she cried,
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the Battery-line *her cry*
Had fallen *among the men*,
And they started back;—they were there *to die*;
But, was life so near them, then?

They *listened* for life—the *rattling fire*
Far off, and the *far off roar*,
Were *all*, and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said: "The slogan's done;
  But, winna ye hear it noo;
The *Campbells are comin'*! *it's no a dream*;
  Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the *roar* and the *rattle* afar,
  But the *pipes* we *could not* hear;
So, the men plied their work of hopeless war,
  And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way—
  A thrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no *noise* from the strife afar,
  Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
  And *now* they played "*Auld Lang Syne;*"
It came to our men, like the voice of God,
  And they *shouted* along the line.

And they *wept*, and they *shook* one another's *hands*,
  And the *women sobbed* in a crowd;
And *every one knelt down* where he stood,
  And we all *thanked God* aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them.
  Our men put *Jessie first*;
And the *general gave her his hand*, and cheers
  Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
  Marching round and round our line,
And our *joyful cheers* were *broken* with *tears*,
  As the pipers played "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

—*Robert Lowell.*

JANE CONQUEST.

I.

About the time of Christmas—not many months ago—
  When the *sky was black* with wrath and rack,
And the *earth* was *white* with snow,
  When loudly rang the tumult of winds and waves at *strife*,
In her home by the sea, *with her babe*, on her knee,
  Sat Harry Conquest's wife.—

And he was on the ocean, although she knew not where,
For never a lip could tell of the ship,
To lighten her heart's despair.
And her babe seemed fading, dying; the *pulse* in the tiny wrist
Was all but *still*, and the *brow* was *chill*,
And *pale* as the white sea mist.
Jane Conquest's heart was hopeless; she could only weep and pray
That the Shepherd mild would take her child,
Without a pain, away.

II.

The *night* was *dark* and darker, the storm grew stronger still,
And, buried in deep and dreamless sleep,
Lay the hamlet under the hill.
The *fire* was *dead* on the hearthstone within Jane Conquest's room,
And still sat she, with her babe on her knee,
At prayer, amid the gloom.
When, borne above the tempest, a *sound* fell on her ear,
Thrilling her through, for well she knew
'Twas the voice of mortal fear.
And a light leaped in at the lattice, sudden and swift and red,
Crimsoning all, the whi'ed wall,
And the floor, and the roof o'erhead.

III.

For one brief moment, heedless of the babe upon her knee,
With the frenzied start of a frightened heart,
Upon her feet rose she
And, through the quaint old casement, looked out upon the sea;—
Thank God, that the sight she saw that night
So rare a sight should be!—
Hemmed in by many a billow with mad and foaming lip,
A mile from shore, or hardly more,
She saw a gallant ship,
Aflame from deck to topmast, aflame from stem to stern;
For there seemed no speck on all that wreck
Where the fierce fire did not burn:
'Till the night was like a sunset, and the sea like a sea of blood,
And the rocks and the shore were bathed all o'er
And *drenched* with the gory flood.

IV.

She looked and looked, till the *terror* went *creeping* through every limb,
And her *breath* came *quick*, and her *heart* grew *sick*,

And her *sight* grew *dizzy* and dim;
And her *lips* had *lost* their *utterance*, for she tried but could not speak;
And her *feelings found* no *channel of sound*
In *prayer*, or *sob*, or *shriek*.—
Once more that *cry of anguish thrilled* through the tempest's strife,
And it stirred again in heart and brain
The active thinking life;
And the *light of an inspiration leaped* to her brightened eye,
And on lip and brow was *written now*
A purpose pure and high.

V.

Swiftly she *turns*—and softly she crosses the chamber floor,
And faltering not, in his tiny cot,
She laid the babe she bore.

A lowly prayer, in the silence there,
And *this* was the prayer she prayed:
"O Christ! who didst bear the scourging and who now dost wear the crown,
I at Thy feet, O True and Sweet!
Would lay my burden down.
Thou bad'st me love and cherish the babe Thou gavest me,
And I have *kept* Thy *word*, nor stept
Aside from following Thee.
And lo! my boy is dying! and vain is all my care;
And my burden's weight is very great,
Yea, greater than I can bear!
O Lord, Thou know'st what peril doth threat these poor men's lives,
And I, a woman, most weak and human,
Do plead for their waiting wives.
Thou can'st not let them perish; up, Lord, in Thy strength and save
From the scorching breath of this terrible death
On this cruel winter wave.
Take Thou my babe and watch it, no care is like to Thine;
And let Thy power, in this perilous hour,
Supply what lack is mine."

VI.

And so her prayer she ended, and rising to her feet,
Gave one long look at the cradle nook
Where the child's faint pulses beat;

And then with softest footsteps retrod the chamber floor,
And noiselessly groped for the latch, and oped,
And crossed, the cottage door.
And through the tempest bravely Jane Conquest fought her way,
By snowy deep and slippery steep
To where her duty lay.
And she journeyed onward, breathless, and weary, and sore and faint,
Yet forward pressed, with the strength, and the zest,
And the ardor of a saint.
Solemn, and *weird*, and *lonely*, amid its countless graves,
Stood the old, *gray church*—on its tall rock perch,—
Secure from the sea and its waves;
And beneath its sacred shadow lay the hamlet safe and still;
For, however the sea and the wind might be,
There was quiet, under the hill.

VII.

Jane Conquest *reached* the *churchyard*, and *stood* by the old church *door*,
But, the oak was tough and had bolts enough,
And her strength was frail and poor;
So she *crept* through a narrow window, and *climbed* the belfry stair,
And *grasped* the *rope*,—sole cord of hope,—
For the mariners in despair.
And the *wild wind helped her bravely*, and she wrought with an earnest will,
And the *clamorous bell spoke out* right well
To the hamlet under the hill.
And it roused the slumbering fishers, nor its warning task gave o'er
Till a hundred fleet and eager feet
Were hurrying to the shore.
And then it ceased its ringing,—for the *woman's work* was *done*,—
And many a boat that was now afloat
Showed *man's work* had *begun*.

VIII.

But, the ringer in the belfry lay motionless and cold,
With the *cord of hope*,—the church-bell rope,—
Still in her frozen hold.
How long she lay it boots not, but, *she woke* from her swoon at last,

In her *own bright room*, to find the gloom,
And the grief, and the peril past,
With a *sense of joy* within her, and the *Christ's sweet presence* near;
And *friends* around, and the *cooing sound*
Of her *babe's voice* in her ear.

IX.

And they *told her all the story*, how a brave and gallant few
O'ercame each check, and reached the wreck,
And saved the hopeless crew.
And, how the curious sexton had climbed the belfry stair,
And of his fright when, cold and white,
He found *her lying there;*
And how, when they had borne her back to her home again,
The *child* she left with a heart bereft
Of hope, and weary with pain,
Was found within his cradle in a *quiet slumber* laid;
With a peaceful smile on its lips the while,
And the *wasting sickness stayed.*

And she said, "'Twas the Christ who watched it,
And brought it safely through;"
And she *praised* His *truth*
And His tender *ruth*
Who had *saved* her *darling too.*

SEARCHING FOR THE SLAIN.

Hold the lantern aside, and shudder not so;
There's more *blood* to see than *this stain* on the snow;
There are *pools* of it, LAKES of it, just over there,
And *fixed faces*, all *streaked*, and *crimson-soaked hair*,
Did you *think*, when we *came*, you and I, *out* to-night
To search for our dead, yon would be a *fair sight?*

You're his *wife;* you *love* him—you *think* so; and *I*
Am only his *mother*. My boy shall not lie
In a *ditch* with the rest, while my arms can bear
His form to a *grave* that mine own may soon share.
So, if your strength fa´ils, best go si´t by the he´arth,
While his mother–alone–seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go´? Then no faintings! Give *me* the light,
And follow my footsteps,—*my heart* will lead right.——
Ah, God! what is here?—a great heap of the slain,
All mangled and gory!—what horrible pain
These beings have died in!—Dear mothers, ye weep,
Ye *weep*, oh, ye WEEP o'er this terrible sleep!

More! *more!* Ah! I thought I could nevermore know
Grief, horror, or pity, for aught here below,
Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief tell
How *brave* was my son, how he *gallantly fell.*
Did they think I cared then–to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand?——

Why, gi´rl, do you feel neither re´verence nor fri´ght,
That your red hands turn over toward this dim light
These dead me´n that sta´re so´? Ah, if you had kept
Your senses this morn ere his comrades had left
You had heard that his place was worst of them all,—
Not 'mid the stragglers,—where he *fought* he would *fall.*

There's the moon through the clouds!—O Christ what a scene!
Dost Thou from Thy heavens o'er such visions lean,
And still call this curs´d world a footstool of Thine?
Hark, a groan! there another,—here in this line
Piled close on each other! Ah,—here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore;—BAH! they *died* for this RAG.

Here's the voice that we seek—poor soul, do not start;
We're women, not ghosts. *What a gash* o'er the heart!
Is there aught we can do? A *message* to give
To any *beloved one?* I swear, if I live,
To take it for sake of the words my boy said,
"Home," "mother," "wife," ere he reeled 'mong the dead.

But, first—can you tell where *his regiment* stood?
Speak, *speak*, man, or *point;* 'twas the *Ninth.* Oh, the blood
Is choking his voice! *What a look* of despair!
There—lean on my knee, while I put back the hair
From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my *darling*, my OWN!
My hands were both idle when you died—alone.

He's dy´ing—he's de\ad!—Close his lids, let us go.
God's peace on his soul!—If we only could know
Where our own dear one lies!—My soul has turned sick!—

Must we crawl o'er these BODIES that *lie here* so thick?
I cannot! I CANNOT!—How eager you are!
One might think you were nursed on the red lap of War.

He's not here,—and not *here*. *What wild hopes flash* through
My thoughts, as foot-deep I stand in this dread dew,
And cast up a prayer to the blue quiet sky!
Was it *you*, *girl*, that *shrieked?* Ah!—What face doth lie
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white?
O God, my brain REELS! 'Tis a *dream.*—My old sight

Is *dimmed* with these horrors. My son! oh, *my son!*
Would I had died for thee, my own, ONLY ONE!
There,—lift off your arms;—let him come to the breast
Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn, to rest,
Your heart never *thrilled* to your lover's *fond kiss*
As *mine* to his *baby-touch!*—Was it for this?——

He was *yours*, *too;* he *loved* you? Yes,\ yes, \you're *right.*
Forgive me, my daughter, I'm MADDENED to night.
Don't moan so, dear child; *you're young*, and your years
May still hold fair hopes; but—the *old-die-of tears.*
Yes, take him again;—ah! don't lay your face there;
See,—the *blood from his wound* has stained your loose hair.—

How *quiet* you are!—Has she fainted?—Her cheek
Is cold as his own. Say a word to me,—*speak!*
Am I crazed? Is she dead? Has *her heart* broke first?
Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.—
I'm *afraid*, I'm AFRAID, all alone with these dead;
Those CORPSES ARE STIRRING; God help my poor head!—

I'll sit—by my children—until—the men come
To bury—the others—and then—we'll go home.—
Why, the *slain* are all DANCING!—Dearest, don't move.—
Keep away from my boy! he's guarded by love!
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep;
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the *moon* was *slowly drifting,*
The *river sang below;*
The *dim Sierras*, far beyond, *uplifting*
Their *minarets of snow.*

The *roaring camp fire*, with rude humor, *painted*
The *ruddy tints* of health
On haggard face and form, that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one *arose*, and from his pack's scant treasure,
A hoarded volume *drew*,
And *cards* were *dropped* from hands of listless leisure,
To *hear the tale anew;*

And *then*, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He *read aloud* the book wherein the *Master*
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was *youngest* of them all,—
But, as he read, from *clustering pine* and *cedar*
A *silence* seemed to fall;

The *fir trees*, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the *whole camp* with "Nell," on English meadows
Wandered and *lost their way.*

And so, in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some *spell divine*—
Their *cares dropped* from them, like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and *wasted* all its fire;
And *he who wrought that spell*,—
Ah, towering *pine* and stately Kentish *spire*,
Ye have *one tale* to tell!

Lost is that camp! but, let its *fragrant story*
Blend with the *breath* that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That *fills* the *Kentish hills.*

And *on that grave* where, English *oak* and *holly*
And *laurel wreaths intwine*,
Deem it not at all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of Western pine

BRET HARTE.

THE BOYS.

Addressed to the class of 1829, in Harvard College, some thirty years after their graduation.

Has there any *old fellow* got mixed with the *boys?*
If there has, *take him out*, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's *cheat* and the catalogue's *spite!*
Old Time is a *liar!* we're *twenty* to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! *Who* says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at *twenty*?"—Yes! *white* if you please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it *snowing* I spoke of? *Excuse* the mistake!
Look close you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some *new garlands* for those we have *shed*,
And *these* are *white roses* in place of the *red*.

We've a *trick*, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of *talking* (in public) as if we were old;
That *boy* we call "Doctor," and *this* we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little *fiction*,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on *the right*;
"MR. MAYOR," my young one, how *are you* to night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look.
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true!*
So they *chose him right in*,—a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could *harness a team* with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And *there's* a *nice youngster* of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him SMITH;
But, he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy *laughing?* *You* think he's all fun;
But the *angels* laugh, *too*, at the *good* he has done;
The *children* laugh *loud* as they troop to his call,
And the *poor man* that knows him laughs *loudest of all!*

Yes, we're boys,—always *playing* with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, *Shall we ever be men?*
Shall we always be *youthful*, and *laughing*, and *gay*,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then *here's* to our *boyhood*, its *gold* and its *gray*!
The *stars* of its winter, the *dews* of its May!
And, when we have done with our *life lasting toys*,
Dear Father, *take care of Thy children*, THE BOYS!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

AUX ITALIENS.

At *Paris* it was, at the *opera* there;
And she *looked like a queen in a book* that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatoré;
And, *Mario* can *soothe*, with a tenor note,
The *souls in purgatory.*

The moon on the tower, *slept soft* as snow;
And who was not *thrilled* in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"*Non ti scordar di me?*"

The *emperor* there, in his box of state,
Looked grave; as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The *empress*, too, had a *tear* in her eye:
You'd have said that her *fancy* had *gone back* again,
For one moment, under the old *blue sky*,
To the old *glad life* in Spain.

Well! there, in our front-row box, we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my *opera hat*,
And *hers* on the *stage* hard by.

And both were *silent*, and both were *sad*;—
Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,
With that *regal*, *indolent air* she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well, for the *jointure* given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, *I was thinking* of my *first love*
As I had not been thinking of aught for years;
Till, over my eyes, there began to *move*
Something, that felt like tears.

I thought of the *dress* that she *wore* last time,
When we *stood* 'neath the cypress-trees, *together*,
In that *lost land*, in that soft clime,
In the *crimson evening weather*;

Of that *muslin* dress (for the eve was hot);
And her *warm white neck* in its golden chain;
And her *full soft hair*, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the *jasmine flower* in her fair young breast;
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the *one bird* singing alone to his nest;
And the one *star* over the tower.

I thought of our *little quarrels* and strife.
And the *letter* that brought me back my ring;
And it *all seemed then*, in the waste of life,
Such a *very little thing!*

For, I thought of her *grave* below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over;
And—I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and LOVE *her!*"

And I *swear*, as I thought of her thus in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I *smelt* the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so *faint*, and it smelt so *sweet*,
It made me *creep*, and it made me *cold*!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I *turned and looked*; she was *sitting there*,
In a dim box over the stage; and–*drest*
In that muslin dress,–with that full soft hair,—
And that jasmine—in her breast!

I was *here*, and *she* was there;
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between:—
From my *bride betrothed*, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my *early love*, with her *eyes downcast*,
And over her primrose face the shade,—
In short, from the future back to the past,
There was but a *step* to be made.

To my early love *from* my future bride
One moment I *looked*. Then, I *stole to the door*,
I *traversed the passage*; and, down at her side,
I was *sitting*, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or, the *music's strain*,
Or something which never will be expresst,
Had *brought her back* from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is *not dead*, and she is *not wed!*
But she *loves* me *now*, and she *loved* me *then!*
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My *heart grew youthful again.*

The marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is *wealthy*, and *young*, and *handsome* still;
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass;
She may *marry* whomever she will.

But *I* will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the *flower* in her *bosom*, I *prize* it *above*
The *brooch* in my lady's breast.

The *world* is filled with *folly* and *sin*,
And *love* must *cling* where it *can*, I say:
For *beauty* is easy enough to win;
But one isn't *loved* every day.

And, I *think* in the lives of most women and men,
There's *a moment* when *all* would go *smooth* and *even*
If, only, the dead could find out, when
To come back, and—be forgiven.

But *O* the *smell* of that jasmine flower!
And O that music! and *O the way*
That *voice rang out* from the donjon tower,
NON TI SCORDAR DI ME,
NON TI SCORDAR DI ME!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

THE PARADISE BIRD.

Hear a song that was born in the land of my birth!—
The *anchors* are lifted—the *fair ship* is free,
And the shout of the mariners floats in its mirth
'Twixt the light in the sky, and—the light on the sea.
And *this* ship is a *world*. She is *freighted* with *souls*,
She is freighted with *merchandise:* proudly she sails
With the Labour that stores, and the will that controls
The *gold* in the *ingots*, the *silk* in the *bales*.

From the gardens of Pleasure where reddens the rose,
And the scent of the cedar is faint on the air,
Past the *harbours of Traffic* sublimely she goes,
Man's hopes o'er the world of the waters to *bear!*

Where, the *cheer* from the harbours of Traffic is *heard*,
Where the gardens of Pleasure fade fast on the sight,
O'er the rose, o'er the *cedar*, there *passes* a *bird;*
'Tis the *Paradise* Bird, never known to *alight*.

And, *that* bird, bright and bold as a Poet's desire,
Roams her own native *heavens*, the realms of her birth.
There–she *soars* like a seraph, she *shines* like a fire,
And her *plumage* hath *never been sullied* by earth.
And, the mariners *greet* her; there's song on each lip,
For the bird of good omen, and the joy in each eye.
And the ship and the bird, and the bird and the ship,
Together go forth over ocean and sky.

Fast, *fast fades* the land! *far* the rose-gardens *flee*,
And far fleet the *harbours*. In *regions unknown*
The ship, is *alone* on a *desert of sea*,
And the bird, in a desert *of sky*, is alone.
In those regions unknown, *o'er* that desert of air,
Down that desert of waters—TREMENDOUS IN WRATH—
The storm-wind *Euroclydon* LEAPS from his lair,
And *cleaves* through the waves of the ocean, his *path*.

And the bird in the cloud, and the ship on the wave,
Overtaken, are *beaten about* by wild gales;
And the mariners all *rush* their cargo to save,
Of the gold in the ingots, the silk in the bales.
Lo! a wonder, which never before hath been heard,
For, it never before hath been given to sight;
On the ship hath *descended* the Paradise Bird,
The Paradise Bird never *known* to alight!

The bird which the mariner bless'd, when each lip
Had a song for the omen that gladden'd each eye,
The *bright* bird for *shelter* had flown to the ship
From the *wrath* on the sea and the wrath in the sky.
But, the mariners *heed not* the bird any more.
They are *felling the masts*—they are *furling the sails*;
Some are *working*, some *weeping*, and *some* WRANGLING o'er
Their gold in the ingots, their silk in the bales.

Souls of men are on board; *wealth* of men in the *hold;*
And the storm-wind Euroclydon sweeps to his prey;
And *who* heeds the bird? "SAVE the silk and *the gold!*"
And the bird from her shelter the gust sweeps away!

Poor Paradise Bird! on her lone flight once more
Back again in the wake of the wind she is driven—
To be *whelm'd* in the storm, or above it to *soar*,
And, if *rescued* from ocean, to *vanish* in heaven!

And the ship *rides the waters*, and *weathers the gales*:
From the haven she nears the *rejoicing is heard*.
All hands are at *work* on the ingots, the bales,
Save a child, sitting lonely, who *misses*—the Bird!

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of *me* you shall not *win renown*:
You thought to break a country heart
For *pastime*, ere you went to town.
At me you *smiled*, but, unbeguiled
I *saw* the *snare*, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not *one to be desired*.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you *proud* to bear your *name*,
Your *pride* is yet no mate for *mine*,
Too proud to care from *whence I came*.
Nor would I *break* for your sweet sake
A *heart* that doats on truer charms.
A *simple maiden* in her flower
Is worth a *hundred coats-of-arms*.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some *meeker pupil* you must *find*,
For, were you queen of all that is,
I could not *stoop* to *such a mind*.
You sought to *prove* how I could *love*,
And my *disdain* is my *reply*.
The *lion* on your old stone gates
Is not more *cold* to you than *I*.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put *strange memories* in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld *young Laurence dead*.

Oh, your sweet eyes! your low replies!
A *great enchantress* you may *be;*
But, there was that across his *throat*
Which you had hardly *cared to see.*

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When *thus* he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind.
She *spake* some certain *truths* of you.
Indeed I *heard* one *bitter word*
That scarce is fit for *you* to hear;
Her *manners* had not that repose
Which *stamps the caste* of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a *spectre* in your *hall:*
The *guilt of blood* is at your door:
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, *last,* you fix'd a *vacant stare,*
And *slew* him with your *noble birth.*

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The *grand old gardener* and his wife
Smile at the *claims of long descent.*
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis *only noble* to *be good.*
Kind hearts are more than *coronets,*
And *simple faith* than *Norman blood.*

I know you Clara Vere de Vere:
You *pine* among your halls and towers:
The *languid light* of your proud eyes
Is *wearied* of the rolling hours.
In *glowing health,* with boundless *wealth,*
But, sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must *play* such *pranks* as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no *beggars* at your *gate,*
Nor any poor about your *lands?*

Oh! *teach* the *orphan-boy* to *read*,
Or teach the orphan-*girl* to *sew*,
Pray Heaven for a human *heart*,
And let the foolish yeoman *go*.

HALLOWED GROUND.

I.

WHAT'S *hallowed ground?* Has earth a *clod*
Its maker meant not should be *trod*
By *man*, the image of his God
Erect and free,
Unscourged, by Superstition's rod,
To bow the knee?

II.

That's hallowed ground—*where*, mourned and missed,
The *lips repose* our love has kissed:—
But, where's their *memory's mansion*? Is't
Yon *churchyard's bowers?*
No! in *ourselves* their souls exist,
A *part of ours*.

III.

A *kiss*' can *consecrate* the ground
Where mated *hearts* are mutual *bound:*
The *spot* where *love's first links* were *wound*,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed, down to *earth's profound*,
And, up to *Heaven*!

IV.

For, *time makes* all but true love *old;*
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And, *will not cool*,
Until the *heart itself* be cold
In Lethe's pool.

V.

What hallows ground where *heroes sleep?*
'Tis *not* the *sculptured piles* you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their *turf* may bloom;
Or, Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb:

VI.

But, strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is *he dead*, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

VII.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that *lacks* her *light!*
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone *ennoble fight*?
A noble cause!

VIII.

Give *that!* and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The *colors* planted face to face,
The *charging cheer*,—
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,—
Shall *still* be *dear.*

IX.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven!—but, Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of Truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it, from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

X.

Peace! Love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine!
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not—
The *heart alone* can make divine
Religion's spot.

XI.

To *incantations* dost thou trust,
And *pompous rites* in domes august?
See mouldering *stones* and metal's *rust*
Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

XII.

The *ticking wood-worm* mocks thee, man!
Thy *temples—creeds themselves* grow wan!
But, there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple *given*
Thy *faith*, that bigots *dare not ban*—
Its *space* is *Heaven!*

XIII.

Its *roof*, star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where—trancing the wrapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing—
The harmonious *spheres*
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

XIV.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can *sin*, can *death*, your worlds *obscure?*
Else, why so swell the thoughts, at your
Aspect above?
Ye MUST BE HEAVENS that *make* us *sure*
Of *heavenly love!*

XV.

And, in your harmony sublime,
I *read* the doom of distant time:
That man's *regenerate soul* from *crime*
Shall *yet be drawn*,
And *reason* on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

XVI.

WHAT'S HALLOWED GROUND?—'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
PEACE! INDEPENDENCE! TRUTH! *go forth*
Earth's compass round;
And your HIGH PRIESTHOOD shall make earth
ALL *hallowed ground.*

To those who read German the following selection from Uhland will be found an excellent voice practice, containing as it does so many strong vowel and diphthong sounds, as well as the entire range of voice through all its *forms*, *qualities* and action.

Des Sängers Fluch.

Es ſtand in alten Zeiten ein Schloß ſo hoch und hehr,
Weit glänzt es über die Lande bis an das blaue Meer,
Und rings von duft'gen Gärten ein blüthenreicher Kranz,
Drinn ſprangen friſche Brunnen in Regenbogenglanz.

Dort ſaß ein ſtolzer König, an Land und Siegen reich;
Er ſaß auf ſeinem Throne ſo finſter und ſo bleich.
Denn was er ſinnt, iſt Schrecken, und was er blickt, iſt Wuth,
Und was er ſpricht, iſt Geißel, und was er ſchreibt, iſt Blut.

Einſt zog nach dieſem Schloſſe ein edles Sängerpaar,
Der Ein' in goldnen Locken, der Andre grau von Haar;
Der alte mit der Harfe, der ſaß auf ſchmuckem Roß,
Es ſchritt ihm friſch zur Seite der blühende Genoß.

Der Alte ſprach zum Jungen: „Nun ſei bereit mein Sohn!
Denk unſrer tiefſten Lieder, ſtimm an den vollſten Ton;
Nimm alle Kraft zuſammen, die Luſt und auch den Schmerz!
Es gilt uns heut zu rühren des Königs ſteinern Herz."

Schon ſtehn die beiden Sänger im hohen Säulenſaal,
Und auf dem Throne ſitzen der König und ſein Gemahl;
Der König furchtbar prächtig wie blut'ger Nordlichtſchein,
Die Königinn ſüß und milde, als blickte Vollmond drein.

Da ſchlug der Greis die Saiten, er ſchlug ſie wundervoll,
Daß reicher, immer reicher der Klang zum Ohre ſchwoll,
Dann ſtrömte himmliſch helle des Jünglings Stimme vor,
Des Alten Sang dazwiſchen wie dumpfer Geiſterchor.

Sie ſingen von Lenz und Liebe, von ſel'ger goldner Zeit
Von Freiheit, Männerwürde, von Treu und Heiligkeit,
Sie ſingen von allem Süßen, was Menſchenbruſt durchbebt,
Sie ſingen von allem Hohen, was Menſchenherz erhebt.

Die Höflingsschaar im Kreise verlernet jeden Spott,
Des Königs trotz'ge Krieger sie beugen sich vor Gott,
Die Königinn, zerflossen in Wehmuth und in Lust,
Sie wirft den Sängern nieder die Rose von ihrer Brust.

„Ihr habt mein Volk verführet, verlockt ihr nun mein Weib?"
Der König schreit es wüthend, er bebt am ganzen Leib,
Er wirft sein Schwert, das blitzend des Jünglings Brust durchdringt,
Draus, statt der goldnen Lieder, ein Blutstrahl hochauf springt.

Und wie vom Sturm zerstoben ist all der Hörer Schwarm,
Der Jüngling hat verröchelt in seines Meisters Arm,
Der schlägt um ihn den Mantel und setzt ihn auf das Roß,
Er bind't ihn aufrecht feste, verläßt mit ihm das Schloß.

Doch vor dem hohen Thore, da hält der Sängergreis,
Da faßt er seine Harfe, sie aller Harfen Preis;
An einer Marmorsäule, da hat er sie zerschellt,
Dann ruft er, daß es schaurig durch Schloß und Gärten gellt:

„Weh' euch, ihr stolzen Hallen! nie töne süßer Klang
Durch eure Räume wieder, nie Saite noch Gesang,
Nein, Seufzer nur und Stöhnen und scheuer Sklavenschritt,
Bis euch zu Schutt und Moder der Rachegeist zertritt!

Weh euch, ihr duft'gen Gärten im holden Maienlicht!
Euch zeig' ich dieses Todten entstelltes Angesicht,
Daß ihr darob verdorret, daß jeder Quell versiegt,
Daß ihr in künft'gen Tagen versteint, verödet liegt.

Weh dir, verruchter Mörder, du Fluch des Sängerthums!
Umsonst sei all dein Ringen nach Kränzen blut'gen Ruhms,
Dein Name sei vergessen, in ew'ge Nacht getaucht,
Sei wie ein letztes Röcheln in leere Luft verhaucht!"

Der Alte hat's gerufen, der Himmel hat's gehört,
Die Mauern liegen nieder, die Hallen sind zerstört,
Noch *eine* hohe Säule zeugt von verschwundner Pracht,
Auch diese, schon geborsten, kann stürzen über Nacht.

Und rings, statt duft'ger Gärten, ein ödes Heideland:
Kein Baum verstreuet Schatten, kein Quell durchdringt den Sand,
Des Königs Namen meldet kein Lied, kein Heldenbuch;
Versunken und vergessen! das ist des Sängers Fluch.

Ludwig Uhland.

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